Photo *Lallie Charles.*

What folly, Mr. Editor,
To put this girl at the beginning!
You can't improve as you go on,
For nothing else could be as winning.

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"TIRED GLEANERS."

From the painting by Fred Morgan.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

LILLAH McCARTHY.

A Beautiful Tragedienne.

Miss Lillah McCarthy, who became world-famous in the "Sign of the Cross," was quite recently married to Mr. Granville Barker, of the Court Theatre.

The match is regarded in the Theatrical Profession as a most romantic one. The affair was kept absolutely quiet until the last moment, and came off at an obscure Registry Office near Covent Garden. But few friends knew anything about it until after it was all over.

Mr. Barker is a well-known dramatist, among whose works numbers "The Voysey Inheritance."

Fordham & Barfield.

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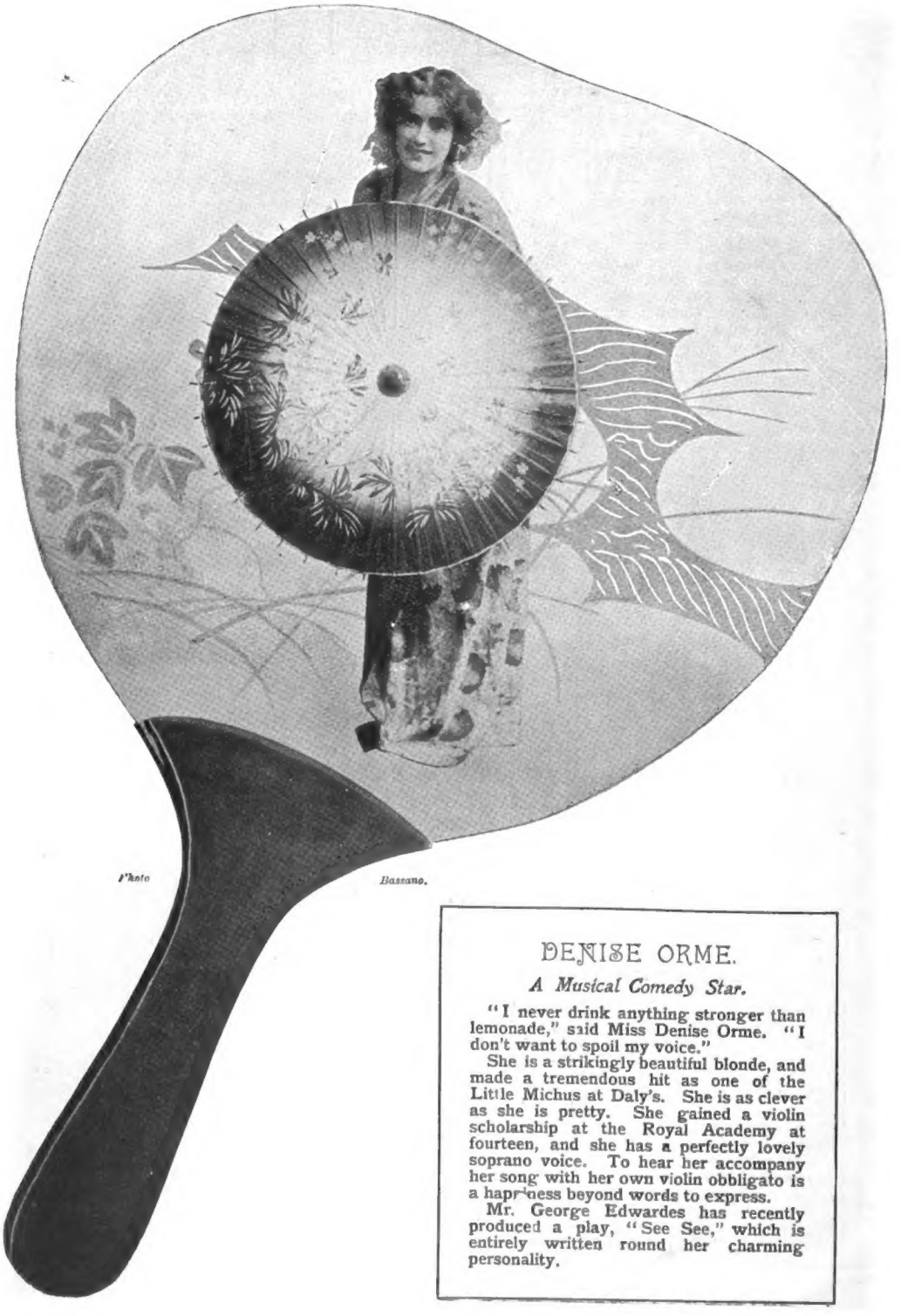

Photo Bassano.

DENISE ORME.

A Musical Comedy Star.

"I never drink anything stronger than lemonade," said Miss Denise Orme. "I don't want to spoil my voice."

She is a strikingly beautiful blonde, and made a tremendous hit as one of the Little Michus at Daly's. She is as clever as she is pretty. She gained a violin scholarship at the Royal Academy at fourteen, and she has a perfectly lovely soprano voice. To hear her accompany her song with her own violin obbligato is a happiness beyond words to express.

Mr. George Edwardes has recently produced a play, "See See," which is entirely written round her charming personality.

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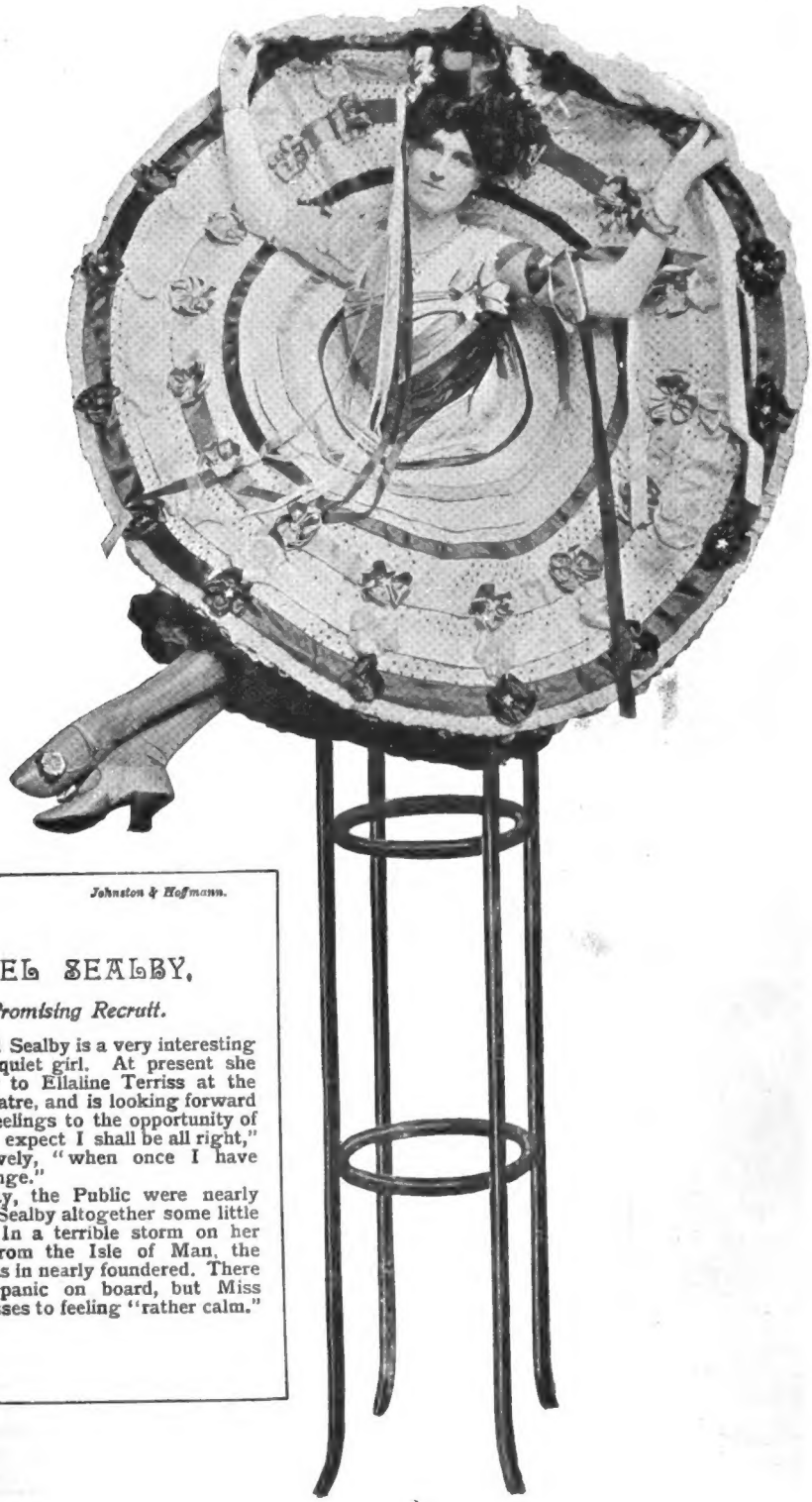

Photo *Johnston & Hoffmann.*

MABEL SEALBY.

A Promising Recruit.

Miss Mabel Sealby is a very interesting if somewhat quiet girl. At present she is understudy to Ellaline Terriss at the Aldwych Theatre, and is looking forward with mixed feelings to the opportunity of her life. "I expect I shall be all right," she said bravely, "when once I have taken the plunge."

By the way, the Public were nearly losing Miss Sealby altogether some little time since. In a terrible storm on her way home from the Isle of Man, the vessel she was in nearly foundered. There was a wild panic on board, but Miss Sealby confesses to feeling "rather calm."

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Photo *Campbell Gray*

BILLIE BURKE.

A Popular Yankee Singer.

Fate did Miss Billie Burke a good turn the other day. An old friend of her father, who used to dandle her upon his knee when she was quite a little mite, remembered her in his will, so that in due course she will come into about £7000.

"You wouldn't believe the extraordinary letters I have received," said Miss Burke. "People ask me point-blank to provide them with money to set them up in business. My legacy has already been bespoke in this way several times over.

"I am going to give some of it, though, to relieve the distress in San Francisco, because the money comes from California, you see."

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Photo *Bengfer.*

EVELYN MILLARD and LEWIS WALLER.

"Romeo and Juliet."

About the handsomest pair to be found on the stage; an adorably beautiful Juliet, and a romantically handsome Romeo. What more could the *matinée* maiden desire?

Evelyn Millard wanted to go on the stage at fourteen, but her father said, "No; go back to school and learn elocution"; for he was a professor of elocution himself. So little Evelyn waited a year or so, putting her conquest off until she was nineteen. She gets most extraordinary letters sometimes. One was from a mad theosophist. He declared that Evelyn Millard was his "astral complement," and that she must, by all laws of nature, marry him. Evelyn Millard was married shortly after, but not to her astral friend.

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Photo *R. W. Thomas.*

OSCAR ASCHE and LILY BRAYTON.

Oscar Asche is so brawny and gigantic, that the audience at "Ulysses" found it hard to understand how he could possibly be slain in combat by the comparatively fragile Mr. Tree.

Mr. Asche is Australian born, but his father is Norwegian. It was in the State Theatre, Christiania, that he learnt to act, under the directorship of Björnsen Björnsterne, the son of the famous author. He took the advice of this impresario and came to London.

He is a superb actor, and of far more service to the drama than the actors who produce great spectacles solely for their own glorification. However poor the part he takes, if the play is good, that is all Mr. Asche cares about.

Miss Lily Brayton, the exquisite wife of Mr. Oscar Asche, is well endowed by Nature for her task of bringing back to life, as it were, the women of Shakespeare's day.

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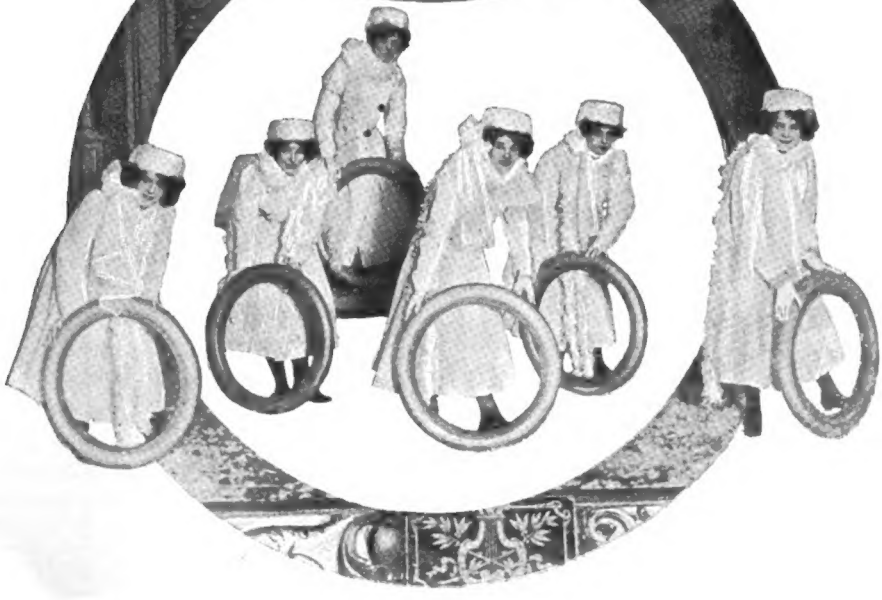
Photo Dover Street Studios.

MOTOR-CAR DANCE IN "MR. POPPLE."

The "hurricane dance" in "Mr. Popple," at the Apollo, was a happy inspiration, which, unfortunately, did not occur until the piece had already run much of its length. It was certainly an exciting and blood-kindling affair. Twelve, altogether, chic and charming girls gallop in with motor tyres to the sound of panting "cars." In the midst of a particularly exhilarating dance, a snowstorm comes on—feathers blown from the wings. The girls continue the wild dance, keeping time with their tyres to the music, and finally disappear in the snowstor .



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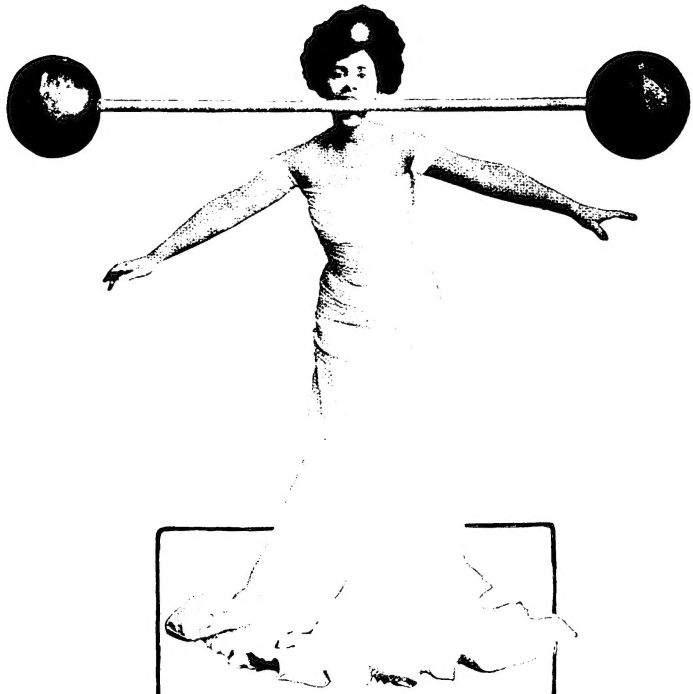

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

CARRIE MOORE

"A Strong Woman."

Miss Carrie Moore, the leader of the Sandow Girls in "The Dairymaids," at the Apollo Theatre, is not really a "strong woman." That weighty looking bar-bell is not so solid as it looks.

There are plenty of people, however, who are under the impression that it is. Miss Moore has been literally swamped by letters from women who think she is a female Hackensmidt, asking her to impart the secrets of her "wonderful strength"!

Miss Moore is an Australian by birth. She came over to this country and took Letty Lind's part in "The Girl from Kay's."

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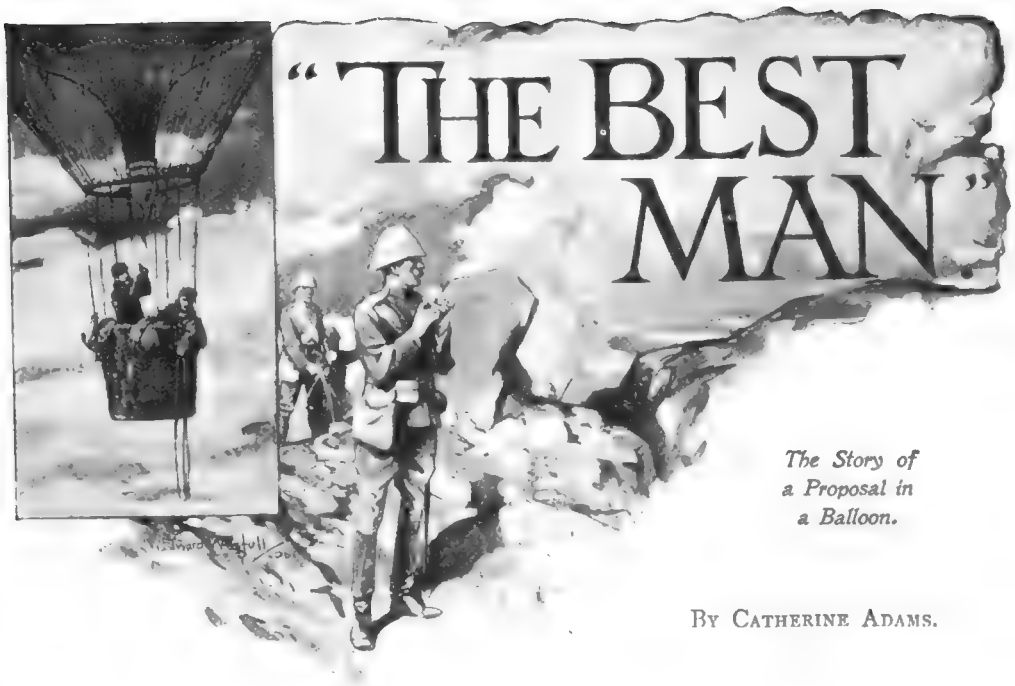

"THE BEST MAN"

The Story of a Proposal in a Balloon.

By Catherine Adams.

"Let the best man win!"

This oracular sentence, supposed to have been uttered by the lovely Miss Creacy, had come to be considered as historical by two of her most persistent suitors. It was true that neither gentleman had been present on the memorable occasion when this challenge had come from the fair one's lips, but rumour had it on the best authority—that of her aunt and chaperon, Mrs. Galloway—that Miss Creacy really had spoken those very words, when Mrs. Galloway had not unreasonably reproached her niece for her indifference to the many eligibles who professedly adored her.

John Bethune turned the sentence over in his mind a good many times every day. The best man! Was he the best one? His diffidence could not allow him to think so. But he loved Vi so very dearly. He would give anything, do anything to be adjudged the best in her opinion. He had finally come to the conclusion that, of all Miss Creacy's many suitors, he and George Archer held most chances.

Archer, being an Army man, had no doubt most hope of distinguishing himself, in order to gain the lady's favour.

Bethune had no profession. As a country squire he was content to manage his estates, but he did this better than most. Such work, however, was very ordinary, and, though the fact of his and Miss Creacy's lands being contiguous would have inspired a less romantic man with hope, John knew well enough that this would be held as no consideration in his favour.

No, he must evidently try to do something heroic, something quite out of the common ruck.

But at this point his reflections were cut short by the entrance of Captain Archer.

The friendship of the two men had once threatened to be swamped by their mutual admiration for Miss Creacy, but the continued ill-luck of each had bridged the difficulty, and they were excellent comrades.

"I have just run down from town with a twofold purpose," explained Archer, in answer to the elevated angle of his friend's eyebrows. "I've come to say good-bye to you, old chap; you have heard the news, of course? Well, the regiment is under orders for India. Also, I've been to see Vi Creacy, and had the usual luck. That makes the fifth time."

"Sixth," said Bethune, who was more accurate. "You know we always keep on a par with each other."

"Exactly. It's your turn now again."

"I shan't take it just yet. As you will be away, it does not seem square."

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"Bosh! I consider that I have the extra luck in getting away just now. You go ahead."

"Thanks," said John. And after Archer had gone, he suddenly ejaculated to himself:

"But I'll do something yet, by Jove I will!"

And then by chance he did do something quite unconsciously, something that caused Vi Creacy to speculate a little. He absented himself completely from the abode of his goddess. From speculation the lady passed to wonder.

It was incredible that Bethune, who had the reputation of being her most persistent adorer, should not come.

It was late in the autumn before she saw Bethune again, and then he called at the manor for a few minutes only, to wish the two ladies a formal good-bye. He was going to Norway with an old college friend for the winter; then in the spring he and his friend, who was an ardent explorer and aeronaut, might probably go to Iceland or Greenland. They would probably be away some time from England.

Thus it happened that Miss Creacy had more than sufficient time in which to weigh the respective merits of her absent suitors, for two years elapsed before Bethune made his re-appearance in Cardingford. Curiously enough, Archer's return from India, whence he had been invalided home, coincided with that of his rival.

Vi Creacy, communing with herself regarding this peculiar coincidence, fancied she had discovered the key to the puzzle. Bethune must have had some quixotic notion that while Archer was away it would not be fair for himself to be in the running, as it were.

"Captain Archer has got his majority, I see, also the D.S.O., for his services in that tiresome frontier affair," said Vi's aunt one day, with an air of great wisdom.

"Yes?" queried Miss Creacy. She guessed from Mrs. Galloway's sphinx-like air that there was more to follow.

"And John Bethune has been balloon experimenting in Greenland with that wonderful friend of his. It seems that they made some very remarkable discoveries in the interior. John is to give an account of their expeditions at the next meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. I wonder which of the two men has really most distinguished himself? Would you consider Captain Archer or John Bethune the better——"

"I don't know," said Vi, breaking in shortly, for she thoroughly hated the allusion by now. "But I mean to find out one thing, if John can manage a balloon properly. I met him this morning, and he told me that he has a real beauty at the Towers. So I asked him to take me for a short trip one day."

"Vi-o-let!"

"Why not? There is not much room in the car, according to what he told me, but no doubt, at a pinch, three persons could be accommodated."

"You wish *me* to go?"

"If you consider that a chaperon is necessary."

"I couldn't! I really couldn't! I wonder you like to ask me," gasped Mrs. Galloway.

"I did not ask you, dear," said her niece sweetly. "But I mean to go."

Bethune had scarcely been able to believe in his luck, when, on meeting Miss Creacy that morning for the first time since his return to England, she had professed herself immensely interested in his late wanderings in the icy North. He had been skilfully inveigled into a long description of his doings, and when, in conclusion, he had casually mentioned that he had just invested in a new balloon, in which to make aerial excursions from the Towers, the young lady's eyes had danced delightedly.

"It has always been my dearest wish to go up in a balloon," she had said fervently, and what could Bethune do but eagerly ask her to accompany him on one of his proposed trips?

* * * * *

On a certain brilliant afternoon in May, Bethune sent a hasty note to the Manor. This note ran as follows:

"It will be an ideal afternoon for a short trip. Will you come?"

Miss Creacy sent a hurried acceptance. Mrs. Galloway, wearing a very worried expression, played her *rôle* of chaperon up to the very last moment. That is to say, she accompanied her niece to that part of Bethune's domains whence the balloon ascent was to take place. With a comical look of despair she stood by the side of the car, talking to Vi, who was eagerly watching the men holding the ropes.

"I wish we had thought to bring a fur cloak for you. I have heard that it is often very cold in a balloon," she said anxiously.

"Not to-day, it is glorious," said Miss Creacy exultingly.

"I have some rugs, also some refreshments," said Bethune, with a laugh, "but I don't think we shall need them. This is only to be a tiny trial trip for Miss Creacy

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to-day." He jumped into the car, and at a signal from him the men let go.

"Good-bye, good-bye; oh, take great care of her," cried Mrs. Galloway in tragic tones.

"Never fear," called John. "As if," he continued in another tone, "as if I should not take every care of you!"

But Vi did not hear him. She was too bewildered for the moment. She had expected to go up in a balloon, yet here was the balloon most undoubtedly poised in mid-air, but quite motionless, while the park beneath was performing the most comical antics in circling round and running away from them!

"You will soon get used to it," said John calmly. "It affects everyone that way at first."

"I couldn't! I really couldn't! I wonder you like to ask me," gasped Mrs. Galloway.

From that moment Vi began to consider John Bethune in quite a new light. He seemed so completely master of the situation, sailing the big, unwieldy balloon with the nonchalant air of an experienced hand. As he examined some of his instruments carefully, Miss Creacy, for the first time in her life, began to have a timid awe of the opposite sex.

"Can't we go higher?" asked the girl suddenly. Bethune promptly sent some ballast overboard, and the balloon shot up with great velocity. In a very few minutes they were several thousand feet higher.

"Oh!" Miss Creacy positively thrilled with excitement. "Quite in the clouds!"

They were. Rather more so than Bethune had intended. It may be that feminine passengers have a demoralising effect upon the aeronautic judgment, but, anyway, it is a proven fact that aerial sailing is a tricky science. The balloon suddenly encountered an extraordinary fast current at the increased elevation. It was also considerably colder.

Bethune looked at his instruments. He had made a great mistake, he found. Instead of ascending a few hundred feet, the balloon had accomplished thousands. He looked at the remaining sandbags. Ah, he had thrown out too much ballast; his attention to duty had been distracted by beauty. This would never do, but he could easily rectify the mistake. He could pull the valve rope, and drop down into a calmer atmosphere. But where was the rope? What had happened? The thing was too patent, but how it had occurred he never knew. He could only conjecture that in the too rapid ascension the cord had in some way got swung from its place and been jerked upward into the netting of the balloon, where it was caught

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and firmly fixed. John shook the netting gently. The cord would not budge, but lay like a long snake across the net covering of the silk envelope.

"Take hold tightly," he shouted to Vi, and there was that in his voice that caused the girl to wonder fearfully what was wrong. The car rocked horribly as Bethune shook the rigging frantically in his endeavours to free the rope. Vi had grit, however, and she forbore to trouble the aeronaut with unnecessary questions. As John turned, she met his eyes bravely, though her cheeks were white, and her breath came unevenly.

"I can't get the valve rope free. We may have a longer voyage than we intended," said John, with a heroic attempt to appear as usual. "I hope you won't object."

"Not in the least," and she strangled a hysterical inclination to laugh outright at their little banalities in the face of what she conjectured might be a terrible danger.

Bethune went on with his efforts to detach the cord, but presently gave it up as hopeless. Unless he could climb up by means of the rigging, a most dangerous operation, he could not imagine how they were to descend.

Meanwhile the upper current of air was taking their balloon fast in the direction of the coast. Their summer afternoon's outing was likely to devolve into a most terrible tragedy. The balloon was being forced along at a terrific pace. John took a sudden resolve.

"Vi"—he quite forgot the formalities now—"Vi, I must get that rope, or else we cannot descend. I am going to climb up in the rigging. It is the only chance. I want you to mind what I tell you, in case—well, there might be an accident."

"You might fall," said Vi, in a strained whisper. Then she lost her nerve momentarily. "John, don't go! It would be awful. I couldn't bear to see you. Stay with me in the car. I—I—oh, if there is any danger, let us be together. If I know that you will be with me, I can bear it quite well."

"Vi, say that you forgive me for bringing you into this."

"It was my fault. I asked you to let me come. And so, if it is really a case of breaking our necks, I'd feel braver if I had your hand to hold."

"Vi!" There was a breathless pause. The wind tore frantically at the balloon and whistled strangely in the rigging. As they were borne swiftly through the air, a long, silver line appeared to their view. It was the English Channel.

"Vi," said Bethune again. "This will make the seventh time."

"Seven is supposed to be a lucky number," said the lady, as she lowered her eyes suddenly.

"When the end of everything may be very near to us, it may be out of place at this moment, but I'd like to know, I'd like to try my luck for the last time. Would you, Vi?"

"Yes, John, I would; but the question is, could I? Perhaps I shan't be able to!" and she sobbed hysterically.

He caught her quickly to him, and, in spite of the deadly fate he felt must be awaiting them, he kissed her rapturously. His elation was only momentary, however. Something caught him a blow on the face.

"Vi," he said reproachfully, suspecting a box on the ear. But it was not Vi's pretty hand. It was the errant valve-cord. A sudden gust of wind had lifted the rope yet higher, and, disentangling it, had as suddenly sent it flying back into its proper position. John gave a great shout of joy as he caught it and pulled at the valve.

With the help of some fishermen the balloon was eventually secured on the sea shore. It had been a very near thing. As Bethune lifted Vi from the car, he said:

"This is Tidemouth; we are more than a hundred miles from home."

"If you do not mind, I don't," she said happily. And Bethune knew then that his seventh proposal had been really successful.

* * * * *

John Bethune felt a bit shamefaced later when he encountered Archer for the first time after the announcement of his engagement to Miss Creacy.

He apologised rather quaintly.

"I hope that you do not think that I took an unfair advantage of your absence, Archer," he said, with an intense conviction that his friend must be suffering agonies of jealousy.

"Nonsense," said the man of arms, with a heightened colour. "You see I met a girl at Simla, who—you understand, old man?"

"Perfectly," said Bethune, radiantly and shaking the other's hand vigorously. "I'm awfully pleased to know this. Now, there is no reason why you shouldn't come to our wedding, and help pull me through?"

"Jove! I have it," cried Archer. "I'll come to the wedding, and I'll be *best man*, after all!"

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"Seven is supposed to be a lucky number," said the lady, as she lowered her eyes suddenly.

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GRACE PUTNAM
NASHUA, N.H.

GRACE PUTNAM
LYONS, N.Y.

GRACE PUTNAM
WEEDSPORT, N.Y.

GRACE PUTNAM
ASHTABULA, O.

GRACE PUTNAM
SUTTON, MASS.

GRACE PUTNAM
TOWANDA, PA

GRACE PUTNAM
WILMOT, O.

GRACE PUTNAM
FRANKLINVILLE, N.Y.

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Picture = = Paragraphs.

If you have any Photographs of Curiosities, send them to the Editor of THE ROYAL. *He pays more for them than any other magazine.*

TWELVE GRACE PUTNAMS.

A UNIQUE CLUB.

LAST Christmas there was a unique gathering in the staid old town of Ashtabula, Ohio, U.S.A. Twelve girls met, and each of them bears the name of Grace Putnam.

All are very agreeable girls, and none over the age of twenty-two. Each is the possessor of a lovely singing voice. Each is unmarried. And not one knew of the existence of the others until chance set the train of coincidences which brought the twelve Grace Putnams together.

The history of this meeting begins with the Grace Putnam of Nashua. In the autumn of 1900 she was on a visit to Lyons, near New York, when she came upon the first of the Grace Putnam sisterhood owing to a mistake on the part of the post-office. These two girls met, and Miss Grace Putnam of Lyons, knowing another girl of their name, made inquiries right and left, with the result that up to the present twelve Grace Putnams have been unearthed. They have decided to meet at least once a year and help each other should occasion arise. What if English John Smiths did the same?

GRACE PUTNAM
RICHFIELD SPRING, N.Y.

GRACE PUTNAM
MOLINE, ILL.

GRACE PUTNAM
CONCORD, N.H.

GRACE PUTNAM
STONY CREEK, MICH.

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This is a photograph of a man sitting down, taken from above. At the first glance he seems to be kneeling.

A PAGE OF QUEER PICTURES.

Two Photographic Freaks.

Amateur photographers, and their name is legion, can obtain a great deal of amusement from freak pictures, which are quite simple to take, and are a source of much mystery to the lay mind, which cannot conceive how they are obtained. A good example is the well known "ghost" photograph.

This is taken by making a time exposure. At the outset, a person draped in a sheet poses, and a very brief exposure is made. The shutter is then closed, and the "ghost" goes away. After this, the exposure is completed.

When the plate is developed, the walls of the room in which the photo was taken show clearly through the "ghost," thus giving it the proper transparency essential for an inhabitant of the world of spirits.

The two pictures on this page are more easily obtained than the one described above. The first one may be taken by the actual person whose portrait appears.

To effect this, the camera should be suspended from the ceiling, focussed on the chair which the sitter is to occupy. A pneumatic release to the shutter is necessary, the tube being long enough for the person in the chair to hold the ball of it in his hand.

All that he has to do in order to photograph himself is to sit down in the chair and squeeze the pneumatic release, allowing the shutter of his camera to remain open as long as the lighting facilities demand.

The second photograph is taken practically in an ordinary, straightforward manner. The two subjects are first of all requested to lie on the ground, head to head.

In the picture on this page the light was evidently too strong to allow them to keep their eyes open, and in most cases it will be found more convenient for the subjects' eyes to be closed. The operator then takes his camera and holds it lens downward over the two prostrate victims. A distance of about three feet between the lens and the sitters' head, will be found sufficient. An exposure is then made in the ordinary way.

There are many other examples of freak photographs, and these, together with the three described here, may, with a little ingenuity, be modified or improved upon by the amateur, so that in time he can amass quite a collection of freaks.

The little trouble and patience necessary are well worth while, and good results are by no means difficult to obtain.

Photography of this kind lifts an amateur out of the ordinary ruck of indiscriminate snapshotters, and provides a new interest in what is always an attractive hobby.

This photograph was obtained by holding the camera "muzzle downwards" over two men lying head to head on a lawn.

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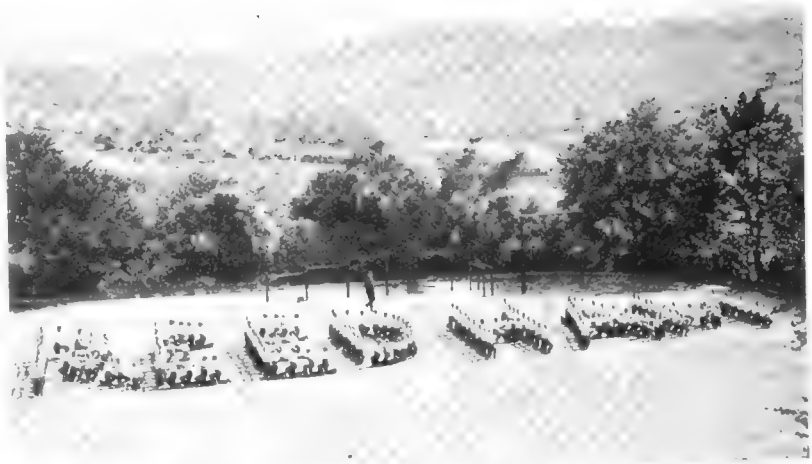
A NOVEL DRILL.

How the Boys of Reedham Orphanage are Exercised.

Physical drill is an important part of the curriculum in all schools, but even the most enthusiastic pupils are apt to weary of the somewhat monotonous movements which they are obliged to go through. Anything new in the way of drill is always eagerly welcomed, and surely the instructor at Reedham Orphanage deserves the deep gratitude of all the boys under him. His system, which necessitates absolute precision in marching and manœuvring, consists in the formation of various figures by groups of boys.

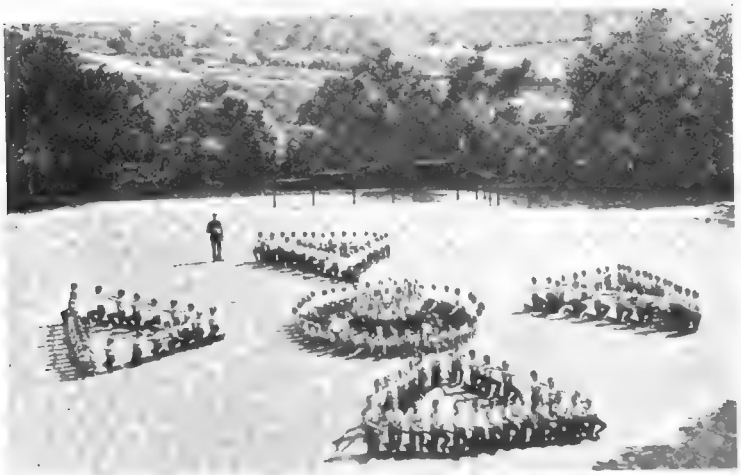
Most people are familiar with the "living letters" which are such a feature at gymnastic displays, when the letters are formed by two or three gymnasts in various uncomfortable positions.



The name of the Orphanage in living letters.

At Reedham, the name of the Orphanage is spelt out in living letters, but they are composed of boys standing and kneeling on the ground, in quite a different manner from that described above.

The movements, executed with great smartness, are most effective from a spectacular point of view.



A Maltese Cross. Great accuracy and precision are necessary to form these figures correctly.

Photos *Russell & Sons*

A human star. The instructor, seen in the background, is the originator of these uncommon and picturesque evolutions.

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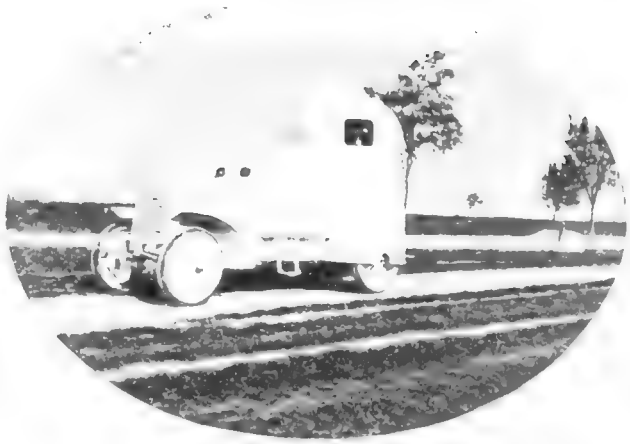
THE MILITARY MOTOR.

A New Engine of War.

Many governments are at present experimenting with armoured motor-cars for use in time of war, and a French firm has just supplied the Russian Government with a dozen of these vehicles, each mounting a Hotchkiss gun.

The Austrian Government recently desired a Viennese motor works to construct a war car which should, besides being able to carry dispatches, etc., be capable of doing a little fighting on its own account.

Accordingly, the firm has turned out a car which seems to answer all military purposes admirably. Though some details of its construction are secret, a general idea of the car has been given to the world.



The war car can cover thirty miles an hour on an ordinary road.

The *chauffeur*, who can be exposed or under cover as he pleases, getting out from the armoured tower which mounts a quickfirer.

The whole vehicle is protected by a system of cuirasses, or armour plates, which, though light, are bullet-proof. The front wheels are covered over, and the *chauffeur* can expose his person when no danger exists, or be completely protected when bullets are flying.

The motor has a species of tower where the tonneau is usually situated, and in this tower is a quickfiring gun, which fires in the opposite direction to that in which the car is running.

The Viennese war car has no mean turn of speed. It can cover its thirty miles an hour on an ordinary road; and this is not all.

It is quite capable of performing cross-country work. Ploughed fields and commons are all in the day's work, while a gradient of sixty degrees can be surmounted with ease. Thus the car is a very useful weapon.

Photos *Alfieri & Lacroix*

A stiff bit of cross-country work up an incline of sixty degrees.

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A Quick Study

The Story of Two Engagements.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

I.

The rehearsal at the Tragedy Theatre had reached the adjournment stage, and most of the company engaged for Andrew Ollivierre's new romantic drama had hastened off to procure a late lunch or early tea; but here and there on the vast stage little groups still lingered. There were all sorts of points to be discussed by people who had "business" together, and could a wayfarer—preferably a simple soul from the country—have wandered into the dimly illumined house, shrouded as to its more expensive parts in ghostly dust-sheets, he would have been not a little surprised to observe a handsome lady with orange-hued hair suddenly throw her arms round a sleek gentleman of forty odd years with the exclamation: "My Gottfried, you shall not—must not—go!"

Had the wayfarer waited, he would have seen the lady go through this performance two or three times, and each time his rural heart would have been torn by the stout gentleman's expression of grief, coupled with stern resolve—indicated by warding off the lady with his right hand, the while he swept his left across his manly, sorrow-laden brow.

"Yes, I think that's more like it," said the manager of the theatre, one Bardswell, who had been observing these gesticulations with a cold, fishy eye. "That's much better."

The stout gentleman who had been addressed as Gottfried therefore departed, and the orange-hued lady walked down the stage with Bardswell.

"No," she said sharply, when Gottfried was out of earshot, "I feel it's *not* right. I can't act with that man."

"He's engaged for the part, and I'm afraid I can't change him now," returned Bardswell.

"Upon my word!" cried Miss Mandrake—for she of the orange tresses was no less a person than the celebrated leading lady—"never in my life have I been treated with so little consideration. This is the heaviest part I have ever studied, and I'm given a clown like that to play with. And then my frocks!" she proceeded in strident tones. "You might at least have seen that they were decently made. It's abominable! For two pins I'd throw up the old thing."

And without more ado she flounced out of the theatre.

At a table placed just in front of the T light sat Andrew Ollivierre, poring over the typed pages of his play. He was cutting out some excellent, but superfluous, lines, and the process hurt him. Near him sat Letty Hallowes, a young actress who was filling a small part in the piece. She was a comely girl, with a refined, intelligent face; humour lurked at the corners of her mouth and in her clear brown eyes, and one might read a commendable decision of character in her profile.

A friendship had sprung up between the dramatist and the struggling actress, and, to be quite brief, Letty was at the present moment waiting for Ollivierre to take her out to tea.

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"We shall have trouble with that woman," said Bardswell, approaching the table. "This is not the first time she's made a fuss. You'll remember what a fix she put them in at the Georgian? She's a Tartar, if ever there was one. . . . By the way, how about her understudy, Ollivierre? You said you'd suggest one, and it's about time you did. We shall be left nicely in the lurch if my lady chucks up her part at the last moment."

Ollivierre's pencil hovered over a doubtful line.

"I should think Miss Evans would do," he muttered, as if not bestowing much thought on the matter.

"She's all right in a way," agreed Bardswell, "but she's no genius. Whoever it is may have to play the part right through the piece. As well to get the smartest woman available."

"Whom do *you* suggest?" asked Ollivierre.

"My dear chap, I've not thought at all about it. You asked me to leave it you, and I did. I expect I shall have to fix it up, though, after all."

And with a nod and a smile to Letty, the manager took himself off.

* * * * *

"Now, Mr. Ollivierre," said Letty, as, some ten minutes later, she handed the young dramatist his tea. "I'm going to ask you a great favour. Give *me* the understudy part, will you?"

Ollivierre's eyebrows went up.

"My—dear—child!"

"Why not, pray? I've played——"

"Yes, I know you've played with some goodish amateurs, and tackled tremendous parts in town halls and Bijou theatres, but this is the real thing, you must remember. Think of it! In the first act——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Letty, "I know. Haven't I been watching it for a month? In the first act she is a sweet, beautiful, gracious, daring girl, ready to sacrifice anything—life itself——"

"Quite so," smiled Ollivierre. "You see yourself in that part. But it's in the second act that the acting's wanted."

"I could do that," cried Letty with confidence. "The girl has to disguise herself as an old cottage woman, in order to hoodwink the troopers, and then, when her lover is wounded, to dress herself in men's clothes and take the despatches. Oh, a glorious part!"

"And a very difficult one," rejoined Ollivierre. "Besides, we must have a woman who is a quick study. The part must be crammed in less than a week. Miss Mandrake is such an uncertain quantity—you heard what Bardswell said?"

"Give *me* the understudy part, will you?" Ollivierre's eyebrows went up. "My—dear—child!"

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Letty cast an imploring glance at her companion. "*Do* try me!"

It was not a little hard for Ollivierre to say "No" to this pleading request, but he resolved to hold to his refusal. He was not one of your men of iron who never make a mistake. He had his weak points, but he was conscientious. He knew it would not be fair to his manager, or to the rest of the company, to appoint an untried girl as Miss Mandrake's understudy. So, although, if the truth must be told, he was growing very fond of Letty Hallowes, he shook his head decisively as they rose from the table.

"Well, there is one thing about you," said Letty, as they walked back to the stage entrance of the Tragedy Theatre, "you do know how to make up your mind. I generally manage to get what I want, but you will be a hard nut to crack."

At the stage door they stopped. "I shan't be wanted again," said Letty, "so I'm going up to Melina's to try my frocks on."

"Won't you come back?" asked Ollivierre, his face falling a trifle. "It is possible that we shall take the ball scene. You will be wanted in that."

"You told everybody that it wouldn't be taken to-day," replied Letty. "You must not change your mind about things of that sort, you know. Good-bye."

"Wait a moment," said poor Ollivierre, who was loth to part with her; "may I call for you to-morrow, and escort you here? It is all on my way."

Letty scraped the pavement with her toe. "Yes, if you like," she said. "Do you remember the number?"

She lived in one of a huge block of small flats situated in a turning out of the Knightsbridge main road. Ollivierre himself dwelt at Earl's Court with his mother. He had already been permitted to "drop" Letty at the street entrance to her flat. The exact situation of her diminutive habitation was, it would be no exaggeration to say, photographed on l , heart.

"Yes, I remember the number," he replied. "I will call for you at twelve."

Letty lingered. "Mr. Ollivierre," she said, gazing earnestly at the young man, "I am badly in need of new gloves. Will you bet me six pairs that *you do not give me the understudy part within forty-eight hours?*"

"I will," said Ollivierre with an effort. He found it hard to be firm when she was looking at him.

Letty smiled as she tripped away. "You'll lose," she said emphatically.

II.

On the following day Andrew Ollivierre did not make a very good breakfast, and his mother, regarding him with solicitude, remarked that he would be the better for a short change.

"I can't possibly get away before the piece is produced, mater," said he. "There's an extraordinary amount of work to be done."

"So it seems," replied Mrs. Ollivierre. "Have you fixed upon Miss Mandrake's understudy yet?" she added, for he told her all about his business, and often followed her advice.

"No, not yet," replied the young man. "It must be settled to-day or to-morrow, though."

"I should say Miss Evans would be your soundest choice," said Mrs. Ollivierre. "She is not very young, nor yet very attractive, but she knows her business."

"She leaves one with rather a negative impression of her abilities," was the rejoinder. "She has had several chances, you know, but has never made much of them. I really think that in a case of this kind some quite unknown girl ought to be given an opportunity of showing what she can do."

For, having thought about Letty half the night, he was weakening towards her.

"I saw you talking to a very nice girl that day I came to the rehearsal," said Mrs. Ollivierre. "She was tall, with a good figure —and in dark blue, I think."

"Ah, yes," said the dramatist, helping himself to marmalade with suspicious energy, "I remember. But that girl would never do. She's quite inexperienced."

"What a pity!" was all Mrs. Ollivierre deemed it tactful to say.

* * * * *

Ollivierre had paid great attention to his toilet, and it was a very spick and span young gentleman who rang the electric bell outside No. 147 Spencer Mansions, Knightsbridge, some few minutes before the hour of noon.

The door was opened by a severe-visaged, elderly woman, dressed in black. Whether she was a charwoman or a general servant it was difficult to say, as she wore rather a dirty apron and no cap.

"Is Miss Hallowes in?" he asked.

"No, sir," said the woman; "she went out a quarter of an hour ago."

Ollivierre looked surprised. Letty had distinctly made an appointment with him. He had said that he would call at twelve; she had said that he might, and now he was

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informed that she had gone out at a quarter to twelve.

"She was expecting me," said Ollivierre, who fancied that the woman was surveying him in a suspicious manner. "I hoped to have the pleasure of escorting her to the theatre. . . . Do you think she will be back again shortly?"

"It seemed to me, sir," said the woman, "that Miss Hallowes was going to the theatre. She never said anything to me about coming back. However, come in and wait, if you like, sir."

The prospect of actually being inside Letty's home (he called her "Letty" to himself) was too alluring for the young dramatist. He walked into the passage. The woman, having ushered him into the sitting-room, closed the door and withdrew with, as it appeared to Ollivierre, a slight cough of disapproval.

For some minutes he sat quite still on the little sofa. Then he got up and inspected the photographs on the mantelpiece. Here he found Letty depicted in several *rôles*, "Lady Macbeth" for one, and it occurred to him, as his eye roved from this to a picture representing her in the part of "Lady Ursula," that she must have put in a considerable amount of useful work with her "pretty good amateurs."

He found himself looking at Letty's photographs quite hungrily, and could feel himself falling more deeply in love with the girl every moment.

He sat down on the sofa again. "I wonder when she will be back!" he murmured. Ten minutes had already elapsed since he had been in the room. She had now been out twenty-five minutes. He would give her another five, and then he would absolutely have to go, as they would be waiting for him at the Tragedy.

When he came to the end of his time-limit he rose to his feet and walked down the passage to the kitchen, where he found the housekeeper industriously cleaning a saucepan.

"I am afraid I cannot wait any longer," he said. "You might tell Miss Hallowes, if she comes back, that I called, will you? Say Mr. Ollivierre called."

"Certainly, sir," said the woman, a trifle sourly.

"Good idea to keep in with this old body," thought the dramatist. "Perhaps you will accept this for yourself?" he added aloud, pulling half-a-crown out of his pocket.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the woman, dropping a curtsey. Hastily wiping her hands on a towel, she opened the door to him and curtsied again as he went out.

"Well, I'm glad she's got a respectable person like that to look after her," said Ollivierre to himself as he went down the stairs. "Rather a dragon, but all the better for that, perhaps."

Hailing a cab, he drove rapidly to the Tragedy. He found Bardswell somewhat short-tempered, and Miss Mandrake even more so. Nothing seemed to satisfy that exacting lady. She was rude to the manager, rude to Ollivierre, and particularly rude to the other women in the play.

"Nice handful, isn't she?" said Bardswell to Ollivierre in a doleful undertone. "By the way, made up your mind about an understudy yet? How about Evans?"

"I am thinking that over," said Ollivierre. "I'll let you know to-morrow."

"Well, the dress rehearsal is on Thursday," said Bardswell, "and we must lose no more time. Let me know for certain by to-morrow."

Ollivierre was silent and moody during the rehearsal. He found that Letty had not, after all, come to the theatre. "Trying on frocks, I suppose," he muttered, as he mooned about in a disinterested way. "Awfully shabby of her to give me the slip like that. I shouldn't have thought it of her."

The ball scene came on for rehearsal, and still no Letty had arrived. Ollivierre, in a jaundiced manner, watched the various couples waltzing with one another. As, of course, the ladies and gentlemen of the company were all in out-door apparel, they presented a somewhat curious spectacle as they whirled round to the hackneyed strains of a popular waltz, which a member of the orchestra was playing on the piano. Meanwhile, sitting on a hard deal chair, the author of the play beat time with his stick, informing himself the while that Letty was a little cat. "Probably lunching with some bounder by now," he thought. "Very well, I'll pull her up pretty sharply about being away to-day. I won't let her do as she likes——"

He found the call-boy standing before him.

"A gentleman at the stage door wishes to see you, sir."

"What name?" asked Ollivierre shortly. A good many gentlemen called to see him. Some wanted parts, some sovereigns. He therefore had to proceed rather cautiously when he received messages of this kind.

"Name of 'Hallowes,' sir," said the call-boy.

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All Ollivierre's listlessness departed. He sprang to his feet. "Hallowes!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. He said he was Miss Hallowes' brother."

"Ask Mr. Hallowes to come in," said Ollivierre promptly.

"Said he would like to speak to you at the stage door, sir," said the call-boy.

"Oh, all right, I'll come," said Ollivierre, somewhat to the surprise of the urchin, who had grown accustomed to the dramatist's unwillingness to see callers. "Brother?" repeated Ollivierre, as he followed the call-boy. "I suppose she has sent a message. Good idea—I'll keep in with this chap. He may be useful. Nothing like making friends with the family."

At the stage-door a smartly-dressed, clean-shaven young fellow was twirling a cane and staring with languid interest at the letters displayed in the stage-door keeper's rack. Apparently a cab was waiting for him.

"Mr. Hallowes?" said the dramatist.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Ollivierre," drawled the other, raising his hat, "but the fact is, my sister asked me to stop here and explain her absence."

"Come in, won't you?" said Ollivierre cordially.

"Thanks very much, but I can't," said young Hallowes. "I'm reading with an army coach, you know, and the beggar will be awfully ratty if I'm not there by two."

"I hope nothing is the matter with your sister?" said the dramatist anxiously.

"Oh, dear, no," returned the young fellow. "Fact is, an aunt of ours has just turned up, and wants Letty to spend the day with her."

"I see," said Ollivierre. "Oh, well, of course, under those circumstances your sister may be excused from the rehearsal. Are you quite sure you won't come in? A rehearsal's rather funny."

"No, thanks, really," again drawled the youth. "I must be trotting. Sorry to have troubled you. Letty's fault," he added with a laugh.

"Oh, don't mention it," said Ollivierre with great politeness, as the other lifted his hat and, hastening to his cab, climbed in, and drove away.

Ollivierre went back to the stage in a dreamy state of mind. He was thinking what a privilege it must be to be the brother of Letty Hallowes! "Undoubtedly," thought he, "good looks are in the family." This brother had the same clear-cut face, the same graceful poise of the head.

"Well, anyhow," the dramatist told himself, as he again sought his deal chair, "I'm getting on. I know her housekeeper, and I know her brother. That's something."

"Beginners for the fourth act," cried the stage-manager in a raucous voice, and as this act had run anything but smoothly so far, and required a good deal of knocking into shape, Ollivierre had to dismiss all thoughts of Letty from his mind, and throw himself into his work.

* * * * *

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Ollivierre, when the dramatist went home to dinner, "you look fagged out. This play is causing you altogether too much worry."

Ollivierre muttered something and went upstairs to change his clothes.

"I was right. It *is* that girl in dark blue," said Mrs. Ollivierre with conviction. "I must get to know her," she added in the overseer-like way peculiar to mothers of grown-up sons.

III.

"Well," said Ollivierre to himself next morning, "as she said I might call for her yesterday, I shall presume that the permission extends to to-day."

Having, therefore, again paid great attention to his appearance, he directed his cabman to drive to Spencer Mansions. Ringing the bell at No. 147, he expected to be confronted by the lady in whose good graces he had, he hoped, made some advance, *i.e.*, the housekeeper, or whatever she might call herself. To his surprise the door was opened by Letty herself.

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, I thought——"

"You thought you might call for me?" said Letty. "Well, that was very nice of you, and if you will wait here a moment I will put on my things and come with you."

When the cab had started, Letty opened the attack without delay.

"So," she said, "you have decided to give me the understudy part?"

Ollivierre, intoxicated by the fragrance of her presence, very nearly said "Yes," but he pulled himself together and replied: "I am afraid it must be Miss Evans."

Letty pouted. "If you give it to her I shall never speak to you again," she said.

"I must risk that," replied Ollivierre, surveying the firm set of her chin with some misgivings.

Letty perceived that this young man was showing himself to be proof against her

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fascinations. She was not altogether annoyed at that, it may be added, but she realised that she must alter her tactics.

"Oh, think!" she cried. "Such a chance! Dollie Evans has had her chances."

"She is an experienced actress," said Ollivierre, "that is the main thing. She may not be great, but she'll do. You have lots of time in front of you—you are so young."

"*Am* I?" returned Letty! "How old do you think I am?"

"Eighteen," said Ollivierre, determined to be on the safe side.

Letty almost shrieked. "What! A child of eighteen! My dear Mr. Ollivierre, I am——"

She hesitated.

"Well?"

"As old as you think I am," replied Letty, discreetly. "Anyhow," she went on in a businesslike tone, "I am old enough to understudy Miss Mandrake. Now then—will you or will you not give me the part?"

"I would give you the part," said Ollivierre, as he gazed admiringly at her profile, "if I thought you could play it. As it is, I don't know whether you can or not."

"I see. You want proofs of my ability?"

"Exactly. And you can hardly supply me with them in five minutes—at the end of which time we shall be at the Tragedy, and Bardswell will be asking me who is to understudy Miss Mandrake."

Letty smiled. "Five minutes isn't very long," she said, "but I think it will be time enough."

"You don't mean to say that you're going to oblige me with some passages from *Macbeth* or *Lady Ursula?*" exclaimed Ollivierre.

"*Macbeth* and *Lady Ursula!*" How do you know I have acted in those plays?" demanded Letty.

"How do I know?" returned the dramatist. "Why, I saw photographs of you as 'Lady Macbeth' and 'Lady Ursula' when I called at your flat yesterday."

"Called at my flat! Saw photographs of me!" cried Letty in astonishment.

"Yes. While I was waiting for you. Didn't your housekeeper tell you?"

"My housekeeper? I haven't got a housekeeper."

"Well, your servant," said Ollivierre. "A tall, stern-looking, elderly woman. Surely you know whom I mean!"

"I haven't got a servant. The girl I live with and I do our own work. Certainly the porter's wife comes up for an hour every morning, but you couldn't have seen *her*. She is always gone by twelve."

"It *must* have been the porter's wife I saw," said Ollivierre. "I can't say, however, that I envy the porter!"

"Why not? She's quite a young woman—about twenty-five, and pretty," said Letty.

Ollivierre looked mystified.

"The woman I saw," he said, "was not a day under fifty, and she might have been ten years older. She thought you'd gone to the theatre. Evidently she didn't know, whoever she might have been, that your aunt had come up to town, and that you had gone to meet her."

"My aunt?" cried Letty.

"Yes, you know perfectly well that your brother called at the Tragedy and told me that you were with your aunt, and so could not come to the rehearsal."

"But I have no brother," said Letty.

"Look here," said Ollivierre, "one of us is telling tarradiddles, and, if you'll excuse my saying so, it isn't *me?*"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Letty, hotly.

"Well, first you say you have no elderly, severe-looking servant, and then you declare you have no brother. Now, yesterday, when I called, an elderly servant of the kind I have described was washing up things in your kitchen. I gave her half-a-crown. Ask her if I didn't. Later on, a young fellow calling himself your brother saw me at the theatre. Now, I am positive about these two facts. Do you dare to tell me that I am wrong?"

"Absolutely wrong," said Letty quietly. "I have no servant answering to that description, and I certainly have no brother."

Ollivierre pushed back his hat.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "you will next tell me that you are not sitting in this cab with me? I am under a delusion. I am alone. Say so at once, please."

"No, you are not alone," said Letty, "but you are labouring under a great misapprehension."

They were nearing the Tragedy now.

"Of what nature?" asked Ollivierre in a bewildered tone.

"You think," said Letty, "that I can't act."

"I said I had no proofs that you could," replied the dramatist.

"I have given you the greatest proofs that a girl could give a man," said Letty.

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"What proofs have you given me?"

Letty opened her purse and pulled out a large silver coin, which she brandished before the young man's eyes. "Thank you kindly, sir," she said, in a croaking tone which seemed strangely familiar to Ollivierre. Then, with bewildering rapidity, she changed her croak to a drawl, and remarked: "I'm reading with an army coach, you know, and the beggar will be awfully ratty——"

Ollivierre seized her wrist and stared into her face.

"Is light dawning on you?" asked Letty. "Are you beginning to display that marvellous perception of motive that the critics attribute to you?"

"You don't mean to tell me ——" he began.

Letty, looking straight in front of her, smiled.

"—— that you were the elderly woman who admitted me?"

Letty nodded.

"And, good gracious! that you were your own brother?"

"You don't mean to tell me ——" he began.

Letty again nodded, and as she did so the cab pulled up with a jerk. Letty, who was sitting on the near side, sprang out first.

"*Sixes!*" she paused to say, and then sped swiftly up to the stage door.

* * * * *

When Ollivierre reached the same portal he found Bardswell awaiting him with no little impatience.

"Well," said the manager, "have you made up your mind about that matter?"

"Eh?" replied Ollivierre, his mind in the clouds.

"That understudy part. Who's to have it?"

"I think," said Ollivierre, "that I know the very girl. I propose to try Miss Hallowes."

"Can she act?" asked the manager.

"Yes, she acts very well," replied the dramatist, "and," he added meditatively, "she can study a part at very short notice."

"I had no idea she was any good," replied the manager. "Never mind, have it as you like."

And Ollivierre, having threaded his way through the crowd which clustered about the doorkeeper's office, directed his steps stagewards, filled with the very certain knowledge that there could not possibly be found any efficient understudy for the part which he so much wished Letty Hallowes to play in his own life drama.

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THE AMERICAN SUMMER GIRL.

The British Matron Might well Stand aghast at her Doings: but for all that She's a most Charming Creature as this Article Shows.

By Alex. Kenealy.

The climate in the north and eastern portions of the United States is almost arctic in the winter and almost tropical in the summer. A difference in degree may be noticed also between the American winter girl and the American summer girl.

When the spring comes, with as much rapidity almost as the darkness succeeds the daylight in the New York latitude, the young feminine creature jumps out of herself, as it were, and for four months is that dainty, pretty, fascinating creature the American summer girl.

We have nothing like her in England, and I can fancy that I hear the British matron breathing a sigh of relief that we haven't. A British matron, mothering a flock of American summer girls would have as comfortable a time as a chicken chaperoning a family of recently-hatched wild ducklings.

The typical American summer girl is a gauzy thing, dressed in white window curtains, willowy in figure, often hatless, always happy, nervous, active, greedy for amusement, a trifle careless as to whether the men folk in her train are having a good time, and altogether provokingly tantalising and delicious.

Of course she is an unscrupulous flirt. Summer engagements don't count. She collects men as a moth expert gathers insects; with this difference, that the moth expert takes care not to damage his specimens. The American summer girl doesn't bother her pretty head about what happens to the men after they have got their dismissal for being too persistently matrimonial in their intent.

The summer girl goes to the seaside or mountains as soon as the weather gets hot. She takes her mother with her to pay the bills and do the management—the management of everything but the summer girl. The father is allowed to stay in New York and work. At a summer resort he is as much bored by the surroundings as he bores those around him. He is generally fat and commonplace. He worships his girls, and they receive his veneration with a sort of patronising indulgence.

The American child is not suppressed, dulled, bullied, subdued, and disciplined like his small British cousin. One result of this is that his initiative is not damped, and never having been nipped in the bud, he is apt to carry all before him in later life after being tuned up by the business discouragements which do not come early enough in his career to stunt his growth. The girl is under even less restraint. When the American girl blossoms out as a summer girl she has the

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rights of a queen. Like a monarch, she can do no wrong, and she is treated as above suspicion.

The New York families, which are trying to found an aristocracy, imitate the English chaperonage system more or less, but the bulk of the people have no patience with it. The summer girl is allowed to take moonlight strolls on beach or verandah with young men, to go sailing, fishing, or mountain climbing with them. She does not see her masculine friends with the disadvantage of a fault-finding mother glaring at her, and the consequence is that she learns self-possession and knows how to talk.

Men and women bathe together in the ocean. The men often display a bareness of leg and arm that in England would be looked upon as highly offensive, and that no one anywhere could possibly regard as artistic or desirable. The girls are in pretty knicker-bocker things with stockings, and, of course, shoes.

They sit or lie on the beach in an astonishingly mixed-up manner that would drive the British matron in horror from the scene.

The big summer hotels are made of a sort of matchwood. Those at places like Branch or Saratoga look like huge stables. There is little architectural ambition. The hotel proprietor looks upon his property from the point of its total superficial area—how many rooms it will divide into. His season is a short one, not more than four months. After that the hotel is boarded up and the snowdrifts pile against it. He must make dollars while the sun broils. He is like a bandit who has captured his prey and must get the ransom before he has to flit elsewhere.

So the guests are packed like bees in a hive. There is little of the privacy so dear to the Briton. Wherever the summer girl goes there are other summer girls within a few feet of her, chattering and laughing. She is always on the go.

And the summer man! As the hare becomes silly in the courting season, so does the American youth. This creature, so practical in business, that it is well to leave your watch at home when you go to his office, becomes a veritable nincompoop in the hands of the summer girl at the seaside.

The Americans are really more sentimental and romantic than we. They get it as a reaction from the strain of work. The summer man is an absolute nonentity.

In his funny straw hat, his odd-looking clothes, and his jaunty manner, he takes himself quite seriously, regarding himself as a "winner" and a heart-breaker. The summer girl knows better. He is simply an appliance for carrying bundles, bringing "candy," or paddling a canoe. The summer man is funny, but the summer girl is better—she's nice.

Personally, I think that the English girl is over-chaperoned and the American girl is under-chaperoned—not that it matters what I think.

I have known an American father who said to me almost in tears:

"I'm sorry to see Mamie (aged sixteen) going round so much with that Jones fellow. I hope to heaven she won't marry him."

Of course an English father would have dropped "that Jones fellow" off a high pier and locked Mamie in her room on bread and water. The American parent knows better. Mamie would throw the bread and water out of the window, climb out into the arms of the Jones fellow, and then they would jump into a buggy and ride off to the nearest minister who would marry them for two dollars and no questions asked.

So you see the American father has to be a bit of a diplomat besides being a good money-maker.

The pretty summer girl often has half a dozen summer men "tagging after her," as she would express it. If she misses one of them she is as uneasy until he is found as a fowl that has lost one of her set of chicks. Since she really doesn't care, perhaps her distress is due to the fear that some other summer girl has got him.

These summer men who all love the same girl get on amazingly well together, even when she is not there. Each of them is afraid apparently to seem to regard the others as serious rivals or of any importance. A display of jealousy would look cheap. So they buy drinks for one another and are preposterously amiable among themselves. Perhaps there is murder in the heart of every one of them, but that only makes the comedy more amusing.

No driver of a four-in-hand ever handled the animals with the skill and tact with which the summer girl drives a herd of summer men, tandem, four abreast, eight abreast, or singly. It is wonderful.

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They sit or lie on the beach in an astonishingly mixed-up manner.

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When I was a boy at school in France, the dear old wife of the schoolmaster had a theory that every youngster was irresponsible in the spring. Nothing we could do were we punished for if she had time to intervene, were it breaking windows or setting fire to the schoolhouse.

The period of summer girlishness is equally irresponsible. If the summer girl breaks hearts or sets fire to brains, it is the fault of the hearts and the brains—not her fault. The acceptance of your heart and hand at Newport in July is not always binding in Fifth Avenue, New York, in November.

It is in her *rôle* of summer girl that the daughter of the millionaire becomes

The summer man is simply an appliance for carrying bundles, bringing "candy," or paddling a canoe.

engaged to marry the athlete of the collar and cuff department. That is in August. But in September, when they are back in town, both parties to the arrangement "wake up," especially the girl.

Of course, an American seaside resort in full blast looks to English eyes very much like a circus with its spangles and its many colours.

To remove all suspicion of insular prejudice, I will quote a few remarks from an American paper about happenings at the popular resort of Atlantic City last summer.

In the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of August 25, 1905, there appeared some items of news from this watering-place.

Among the young women who appeared regularly on the beach, according to this authority, were the "Two Little Girls in Green." Their bathing dresses were of dark green mohair, the skirts being exceedingly short. The twins went stockingless and wore sandals, the ribbons of which were of the same colour as their suits and crossed their legs many times, being tied in sizeable knots at the knee. Their raven-black hair was unconfined and hung below their waists. Their arms were bare to the shoulder, and on each arm they wore heavy bands about an inch wide of dull gold, and below these, on their left arms, slender circlets of gold, terminating in serpents' heads with emerald eyes.

These girls never went into the water, but they often enjoyed themselves by playing with a large green rubber ball. They spent most of their time parading up and down the beach with their arms about each other's waists.

A vaudeville actress, says the same paper, dressed in a suit of the whitest silk, bound with red silk braid. Her stockings were of red silk, and she wore sandals the cross ribbons of which were of white silk. A white rubber Tam-o'-shanter reposed upon her singularly black hair, and her arms were bare.

She rode "man-wise" for an hour or so every morning up and down the beach a big black horse.

Two pretty blonde girls attired themselves

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in bathing dresses of vivid yellow silk, with yellow silk stockings, sandal ribbons, and all the rest of it. The only touch of any other colour in their make up was the bright green bow knots which each wore in her hair. These sisters drove on the beach at the bathing hour every day, in a double seated trap of a bright yellow hue, pulled by a pair of small white donkeys rigged out in russet harness to which many tinkling bells were attached. The donkeys—those drawing the trap—wore straw hats trimmed with yellow ribbon of the same tint as the girls' bathing dresses.

She suddenly unhooks the long robe covering her bathing-suit, tosses it to the maid, and then stands in an "every-move-a-picture" pose.

"The somewhat democratic crowd of bathers down here," the correspondent wrote, "don't stand for (*i.e.*, approve of) the bathing girl who puts on lugs (*i.e.*, airs) as they call it—the girl, that is to say, who walks haughtily to the verge with a maid tagging after her, and who, when she reaches the water, suddenly unhooks the long robe covering her bathing suit, tosses it to the maid, and then stands in an 'every-move-a-picture' pose. A lot of the girls with maids and the other accessories tried this theatrical little stunt early in the season, but they were all gently guyed."

"Stunt" means a performance, and to be "guyed" means to be made fun of.

These extracts from the Chicago paper do not represent the customary conduct at summer resorts, but they refer to a quality of ostentation that is certainly typical of American summer girl life. In England, of course, "freaks" like this would be disciplined by public opinion, but in America the modest summer girl is certainly in danger of seeing some of the attention which should be hers diverted to charlatans and clowns who batten upon a too tolerant society, and who damage standards.

Any criticism of femininity must sound more or less unkind, but the American summer girl is not in the least a subject for unkind criticism.

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How the Clock Made the Boy Get Up

A Story for Little Folks.

By Vere Smith.

There was a very serious meeting in Master Charlie's bedroom one morning. It was after Agatha, the housemaid, had tidied up the room. The big Japanese Bronze Ornament, the Mirror, and the Blankets (Mr. and Mrs.), were putting their heads together in a manner very much like men when they met in Parliament.

It was all about finding some plan which would make Master Charles get up in the morning.

The two Blankets were more anxious than the others, because this lying abed left them so little time for leisure, and their lives were very hard as it was. There was no denying that Charlie was rather lazy; but he was such a merry little fellow at other times that everybody loved him, in spite of his being such a sleepy-head. After discussing the matter for quite an hour, it was thought that the Mirror's idea was the best, and he promised to see what effect it would have in the morning. Then they all went back to their places in the room.

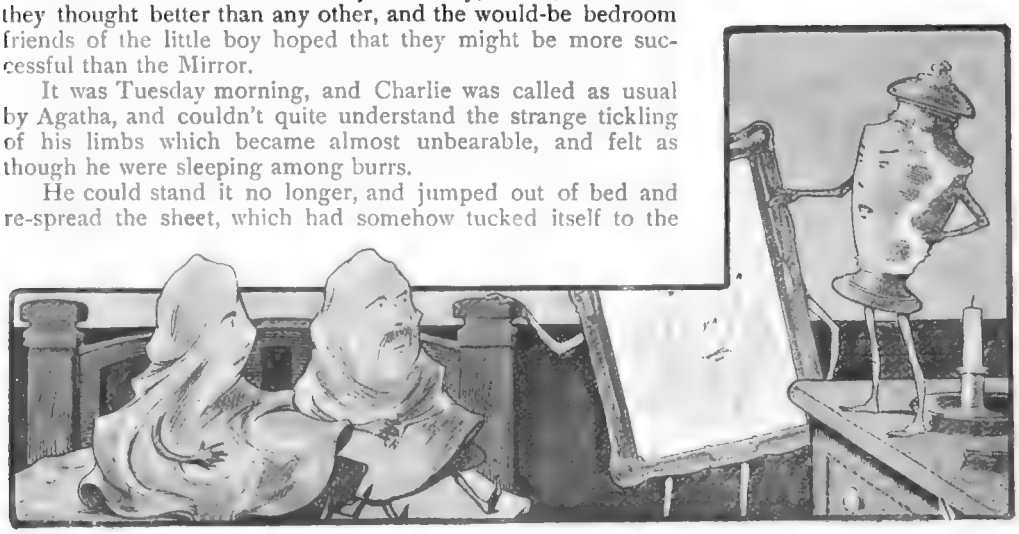
The morning came, and eight o'clock brought the usual rap-a-tap-tap. "Time to get up, Master Charlie!" It was Agatha's voice, and she came into the room and pulled up the blinds. But Charlie made no motion, and couldn't have heard. All at once a straight beam of light began to play about his eyes, dancing up and down until it made him rub them vigorously, as though he were trying to make himself more awake.

After a yawn or two, Charlie turned over on the other side, and went off to sleep again, as soundly as ever, and didn't come down to breakfast until everything was cold, and long after mother had finished hers. The Mirror was deeply disappointed because his plan had not succeeded, and I'm certain there were big tears on the glass.

There was another meeting of the Inhabitants of the bedroom, when it was agreed to allow Mr. and Mrs. Blanket to try their way, which, of course, they thought better than any other, and the would-be bedroom friends of the little boy hoped that they might be more successful than the Mirror.

It was Tuesday morning, and Charlie was called as usual by Agatha, and couldn't quite understand the strange tickling of his limbs which became almost unbearable, and felt as though he were sleeping among burrs.

He could stand it no longer, and jumped out of bed and re-spread the sheet, which had somehow tucked itself to the



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bottom of the bed; and the Blankets squeezed each other's hands in delight at the result of their plan, but, alas! too soon, for Charlie jumped into bed again, tucked his feet well into his nightgown and went to sleep in his usual manner.

The Blankets could have cried with vexation, for everybody thought that Charlie would never be able to sleep in bed when the Blankets tried to be really uncomfortable—and they can when they like, especially in hot weather.

Poor Charlie was received with scoldings and kisses by mamma, who told him she would have to buy a clock and place it in his room, to help him to get up o' mornings.

There were several more meetings, and many new attempts made by the bedroom Inhabitants, to bring about their long-desired change in Charlie's bad habit, but without result.

Mother's new clock was placed on a table beside the bed, and at first received but little attention from the other inmates, although they were all very much struck by his wonderful inside and never ceasing activity. The Mirror proposed to take the clock into their confidence. "Surely he could do something with that clever head of his, and he has an intelligent face;" and they all agreed. When the Clock was spoken to he promised to think it over at once.

During the night they all heard a strange "whirring" noise among the curious wheels which were in the Clock's inside, and they were all somewhat alarmed at first; but the clock soon went back to its regular breathing and long heart beats.

Rap-a-tap-tap! "Time to get up, Master Charlie," said Agatha, as she opened the door as usual to pull up the blinds. Charlie turned over and looked at the Clock. Half-past nine! "How vexed mother will be!" and Charlie sprang out of bed and dressed himself more quickly than usual (I'm afraid he didn't spend much time over his prayers and washing), and ran downstairs to find his mother just sitting down to breakfast, and smiling with pleasure because Charlie had at last been able to get down by five minutes *past eight!*

There was something wrong, and Charlie, to make sure that his eyes had not deceived him, went upstairs again to look at the Clock. "Ten minutes past eight," said the Clock, without a smile on his porcelain face.

Well!

It was only the Inhabitants who were able to hear a slight laugh from the inside of the Clock, and they had also noticed a second time the strange "whirring" sound whilst Charlie was downstairs.

They didn't quite understand, and thought the Clock a more wonderful fellow than ever.

Charlie found it much nicer after all to get up and have a proper breakfast with his mother, instead of lying in bed, morning after morning, and coming down to a cold breakfast.

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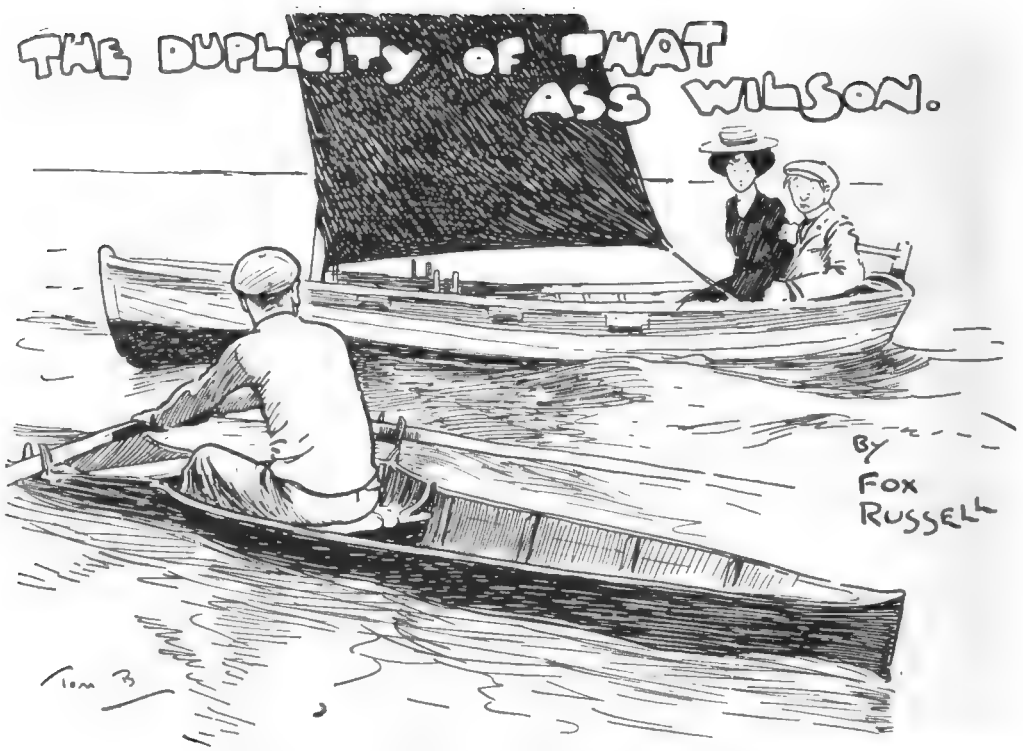

He Marries Miss Phyllis Smith-Robinson, the Heiress.

WHEN we four fellow-clerks at Crogger, Prowle, & Co.'s—Bates, Simmons, Wilson, and myself—went to stay at Mudbury-super-Mare for a course of equitation at the Military Riding School, I think we created a bit of a sensation at Mrs. Blowhorn's select boarding establishment.

And, remaining on for a week or so after our riding lessons were finished, I devoted myself largely to cultivating the acquaintance of Miss Smith-Robinson, the charming heiress (she had £300 a year), who had made quite an impression on me; though, generally speaking, I am such a man of the world as to be almost impervious to female blandishments. At the same time, I must admit that this girl did not "blandish" much; in fact she never showed outwardly how greatly she cared for me. Women are such strange creatures.

I am sure our semi-military get-up was very effective, for puttees and spurs are a great attraction to the female heart. We were photographed, too, in a group, wearing our full riding uniform and South African slouch hats, jauntily set on one side. Very saucy-looking hats they are, too. We purposely chose a day to have the photograph taken when that ass Wilson could not be present, as we all agreed that he would spoil the picture completely.

The three of us stood to be photographed, arm-in-arm, our feet carelessly crossed, and each with a cigarette in his mouth—the thing looked very effective. So much so, indeed, that Mrs. Blowhorn at once begged a copy for her drawing-room mantelpiece. I also, without telling the others, presented one to the heiress, with whom we had all become very friendly, and who, it was quite evident, was seriously attracted to me. It was rather a surprise to find, however, that she had already received a copy from Bates. I was annoyed at this, and stared over his head at dinner-time that evening. I also made some quite rude remarks, not to, but *at* him.

The very day after our riding course was finished, Simmons also began to trouble me. Now, why on earth did Simmons want to pass half the morning alone on the beach with Miss Smith-Robinson? And, that same afternoon, just as I was starting for a stroll on the cliffs with Phyllis—I always spoke of her as Phyllis when she was not present—Bates and Simmons actually had the bad taste to saunter up, and say that, if we didn't

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mind, they'd like to come, too. Well, what could poor Phyllis say? She was obliged to consent, though she must have been bitterly disappointed at the loss of a prospective *tête-à-tête* with me.

Even that ass Wilson didn't venture on anything so indiscreet.

I tried to shake them off, but it was useless. Whereupon I suggested taking Miss Smith-Robinson for a sail.

She smiled sweetly, and asked:

"Can you manage a boat?"

I hadn't exactly thought of that. I supposed the fellows in the blue jerseys would set the sails and start the thing going, and then all I should have to do would be to sit beside the handle and steer. So I replied confidently:

"Rather! We fellows have often rowed a four-oared skiff on the Thames without taking the boatman."

"But isn't salt-water sailing rather different from that?" she persevered softly.

I was put fairly on my mettle, now; so I nodded smilingly, and said:

"Only trust yourself to me, and I guarantee it'll be all right."

"Don't you go with him, Miss Smith-Robinson," said Bates, in warning tones. "Even I wouldn't risk it, and I'm pretty tough, I fancy."

And he pulled his putty-coloured moustache and rolled his eyes in a most offensive manner. Simmons backed him up in the same strain.

Really, in contrast to these two, I began to think I could even endure that ass Wilson.

I silenced them haughtily, and carried off the heiress, in triumph, to a boat. The sea was calm, with a very slight breeze off the shore.

"D'ye know 'ow to 'andle 'er by yerself, sir?" queried the boatman, as he eyed me doubtfully.

"What the dickens do you mean?" I asked, turning very red.

"Oh, very well, sir, just as you likes," and he hoisted the little sail, and shoved us off from the beach.

The sail gybed over with a clatter, and away we went splendidly. Phyllis sat beside me, and I put my hand on the tiller as I cast an anxious glance ahead to where a fellow was carelessly rowing across our course. I tried to steer clear of him, but directly I pulled the handle—tiller, I mean—towards me, the absurd sail came over and flopped this way and that, knocking Miss Smith-Robinson's hat over her eyes. I tried again—with the same result. So, finding there was no chance of clearing him, I shouted to warn the man to get out of my way. He used abusive language, called me a "silly tailor," and a "swab"—whatever that may mean—and just pulled off in time to avoid anything worse than a graze.

"Go 'ome to yer mar, yer silly chump'ead," he cried, as we swept past him.

I turned round deliberately, and was just trying to think of something cool and sarcastic to say, when suddenly Phyllis gave a little scream, and I saw, to my dismay, a large excursion steamer bearing straight down on us. Again both tiller and sail failed me. The boat would *not* go sideways. There must have been something wrong with that sail—it would *not* keep still for me to turn the boat by the rudder. Luckily, the people on the steamer saw us, and altered their course just in time to miss running down our boat. But the language used by the officer on the bridge, I simply decline to repeat; it ought to be kept in a cool place.

After this, things were pretty clear, and we got well out to sea—rather too far out, it struck me. The water, too, was a little more "lumpy" out here than it had been near the shore.

"Well, it's been a ripping sail, hasn't it?" I said jovially. "Shall we turn back now?"

She assented readily, and then I began to wonder how the dickens one did turn back!

I tried first one way and then the other, with the tiller. The "other" as nearly capsized us as made no odds, and Phyllis gave a little scream, and clung to my arm. Whether it was this that unnerved me, or that ours was the wrong sort of boat, and had not been built for turning round at sea, I don't know. Anyhow, I couldn't do it, and we had to keep sailing straight on.

"You—you don't seem quite to know how to handle the boat, do you?" asked Phyllis, somewhat nervously.

"Oh, I know all about boats," I answered brusquely; "but there's something about this particular boat that—that—that's strange to me. It's a bad turner, I think."

The waves grew bigger, and splashed in upon us very uncomfortably now. I would have taken the sail down gladly, if I had known how, and rowed back. Phyllis was beginning to look rather green, and in piteous accents besought me to turn round and go in at once.

And that was just what I couldn't do.

We were bounding over the waves, and getting further and further away from land.

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I was in an awful state of fun—anxiety I mean. Of course, on account of Phyllis.

It was a solemn moment in which I turned to her, and said:

"Phyllis—I may call you so now, mayn't I? as we are alone together in peril on the sea——"

She gave a shuddering sigh and I went on: "I am giving my life freely for you——"

"Stuff and nonsense! Nothing of the sort! Don't be so ridiculous!" she replied tartly. "And surely you can turn the boat round?"

"No, Phyllis, I cannot turn the boat round. I cannot even make it go sideways. If I tried to turn the wretched thing it would capsize. We are indeed lost! We shall never see the land agai——"

"Hullo there, you silly cockroach! 'ere 'ave we been 'ailing of yer 'alf-a-dozen times, and you don't even 'ear us. Stand by and ketch hold of this!"

We had been miraculously saved.

Seeing our desperate plight through his glasses, the coastguard ashore had told our boat's owner to go after us in a good-sized sailing vessel at once. The *Saucy Sally* was only just astern of us, the beery—bearded, I mean—owner in the act of heaving a coil of fine line to me. He did so, I deftly caught it—on the nose—and fell backwards over Miss Smith-Robinson, wilding grasping the precious line in my hands.

We were ignominiously towed back again and landed on the beach, in the midst of an unfriendly and covertly jeering crowd, and I had to pay seventeen and sixpence expenses before I could get clear of the claims of the rapacious boatman and his mate.

It was not until two days later that I was able to make my peace with the heiress, and meantime I had received a terrible "wigging" from her mother.

Fresh from that awful experience, I emerged into the hall and came across that ass Wilson, who proposed a ride on the Downs. I had no time for rides on the Downs with Wilson, and I told him so, pretty sharply. Phyllis, who was listening, looked pleased at this, so I felt delighted. But five minutes later, when I discovered that she was to be of the riding party, I was not delighted at all. So I altered my mind and said I would go with them.

We ordered horses and started at eleven o'clock. As soon as we got on the turf, our trials began. I suppose the riding master knew, somehow or other, that I was the horseman of the party, as he had given me the most fiery brute to ride. Bates proposed a gallop to a distant clump of furze bushes, and off we all started. My horse (I believe he was only half broken, although Wilson mildly assured me that he'd seen him running in the station 'bus) dashed away at a perfectly awful pace, and the others could hardly keep up with me.

On and on we went, and, fearing that my horse might feel ill from the constant tugging at his bit, I dropped the reins and clasped him round the neck. After a mad gallop of about a mile, we came to a steep hill where we all stopped, only to find we had outdistanced Miss Smith-Robinson—*and* that ass Wilson.

Although we rode back in search of them, we never saw anything of either until we returned to luncheon. I did not like the look of it at all—Wilson had stolen a march on me.

When, that afternoon, Simmons was seen reading Shelley to the heiress alone on the rocks, at low water, I came to the conclusion that not one of my companions was to be trusted.

Bates was as angry as I was myself, which was rather absurd, because, really, it was nothing to do with Bates.

I was intentionally rude to Wilson that night at dinner, whilst Bates made some very nasty remarks to Simmons, and Simmons retaliated on me. Next morning we were not on speaking terms, and took our walks in four different directions.

But that afternoon, after keeping a jealous watch for Phyllis, from my window, I caught sight of Simmons meanly sneaking off to the rocks with his confounded Shelley under his arm—no doubt to meet *her*. Dashing down the front steps, I rushed across the road, jumped from the parade on to the beach, and, cutting off a big corner of the way, soon descried Miss Smith-Robinson seated on a rock, sheltered from the glare of the sun by a red parasol. And the perfidious Wilson was sprawling at her feet, and looking unutterable things into her eyes, like the ass he is, and ever will be.

As I approached, he slowly rose to go. It was rather a tribute to my forceful nature that the man gave place to me without a struggle. We nodded curtly to each other and then I took a seat beside the heiress.

"Not sorry Wilson's gone," I said meaningly. "'Two's company,' etc., eh?"

"Yes, it was," she replied sighing.

"You mean, it *is*," I said.

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I ran right into Simmons, who had just come up silently.

"No, I don't, I mean it *was*," she repeated demurely.

I sprang to my feet and, taking off my straw hat with a sweeping bow exclaimed caustically (they tell me I am the most caustic fellow at Crogger, Prowle, & Co.'s):

"Then I will no longer intrude upon you, Miss Smith-Robinson. Later on, perhaps, you will modify your opinion, and see who is your real friend, I, or that ass Wilson."

And, turning sharply on my heel, I ran right into Simmons, who had just come up silently behind me, with the result that a violent and painful collision occurred between us, and the Shelley went flying out of his hand.

"Idiot!" we both cried wrathfully in a breath, glaring at each other. I was rubbing an injured nose whilst he caressed his mouth and forehead alternately. So here was yet another spoil-sport, another claimant on Phyllis' time and attention, I thought to myself bitterly. However, something seemed to tell me that I was the one this girl really loved,* and that things would all come right in the end. But, striding back to Ocean View, in high dudgeon, my brow grew darker still as I caught sight of the odious Bates, sauntering along towards the big rock, on which sat Phyllis, with an elaborately overdone air of indifference. As I said before, not one of my companions could be trusted.

Common observation should have told them that I was far the most eligible suitor of the party for the hand of Miss Smith-Robinson, and common decency might have taught them to withdraw and leave the field to me. But Bates and Simmons were desperately obtuse, whilst as to that ass Wilson, there are no words in the English language which adequately describe his conduct.

Wilson had taken a box at the local theatre for that night, and had the bad taste to ask Phyllis and her aunt to accompany him there. I sniffed at the idea so severely that Wilson, evidently rather ashamed of his underhand ways, threw out a half-hearted invitation to me to bring Bates and Simmons "later" to the box. But, as I was not on speaking terms with Bates or Simmons, I did not think it consistent with my dignity to mention the matter to either of them, but went instead by myself, arriving in the box almost as soon as Wilson and his friends.

Wilson, I suppose with a view to currying favour, invited me to sit on the third chair whilst he stood. Of course, this was only as it should be; still, knowing Wilson, I couldn't help suspecting him of some sinister design. I thought Phyllis was rather unsympathetic—I fancy she was feeling annoyed

* It is a remarkable fact that, on comparing notes with Simmons and Fates, a few days later, they both said that something had also told *them* that they, individually, were the ones that Miss Smith-Robinson really loved.

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Miss Wedban rather surprised me by . . . saying that it "all depended on whether I made a wise choice."

that I had left her on the rocks in the afternoon, instead of rescuing her from the boredom of Bates—so I devoted all my attention to the aunt, Miss Wedban, and left Wilson to talk to the girl. I know women; that's the way to bring them round!

Of course, Phyllis pretended to be greatly enjoying herself with Wilson—doubtless in order to make me jealous. But I knew feminine fickleness too well to be caught by that trick; I even turned away from her, and affected to pay great attention to the aunt, Miss Wedban, who—I supposed to back me up—became quite playful and kittenish, despite her fifty years. There were the remains of a fine woman about Miss Wedban.

Later in the evening I asked her, in Miss Smith-Robinson's hearing, whether she didn't think that it was time a man of my age married? And Miss Wedban rather surprised me by looking down at her hands, crossed on her lap, and saying that it "all depended on whether I made a wise choice." I wondered what she meant.

In the interval between the second and third acts, I whispered to Miss Wedban that I seriously contemplated taking the plunge into matrimony (with a meaning look in the direction of her niece, who at that moment was listening to something that that ass Wilson was murmuring into her ear). And the good lady simpered, and said—rather inconsequently, as I thought at the time—that she had "no faith in men at all—they were all such butterflies."

I looked earnestly at her and replied:

"My dear Miss Wedban, you wrong us. I, for one, am not a buttertub—butterfly, I mean."

And, for some mysterious reason which I could not understand, the old lady giggled and blushed.

After the play was over, Wilson asked us all to supper and, just to oblige him, I accepted, in rather an indifferent tone. One must keep Wilson in his place. At the conclusion of an excellent meal he convoyed Phyllis back to Ocean View, whilst I was left to the charge of Miss Wedban.

That very night I discovered, by accident, the full perfidy of Bates. He had been sending bouquets to Miss Smith-Robinson every day for a week. I was furious, and should have liked to call him a miscreant, but thought it safer not. And when I tackled him on the subject he sulked, and said that at all events he was no worse than Simmons, who had spent nearly the whole of his money on buying her chocolates.

As a matter of fact they were all trying to annex the heiress. I felt most indignant at their want of principle, and told them so roundly. I am sure their motives must have been mercenary.

Next morning I was down early, determined to be beforehand with my companions, and to secure Miss Smith-Robinson for a walk or a row—not a sail! To my great joy, she was standing in the hall, alone, and advanced to meet me with a radiant face. I gazed into her eyes, took her little hand in mine, and patted it softly. Then came a staggering shock.

"Congratulate me!" she cried. "I have just become engaged to be married to your great friend, Mr. Wilson."

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I dropped her hand and reeled back as if I had received a blow.

"What!" I gasped, unable to believe my ears.

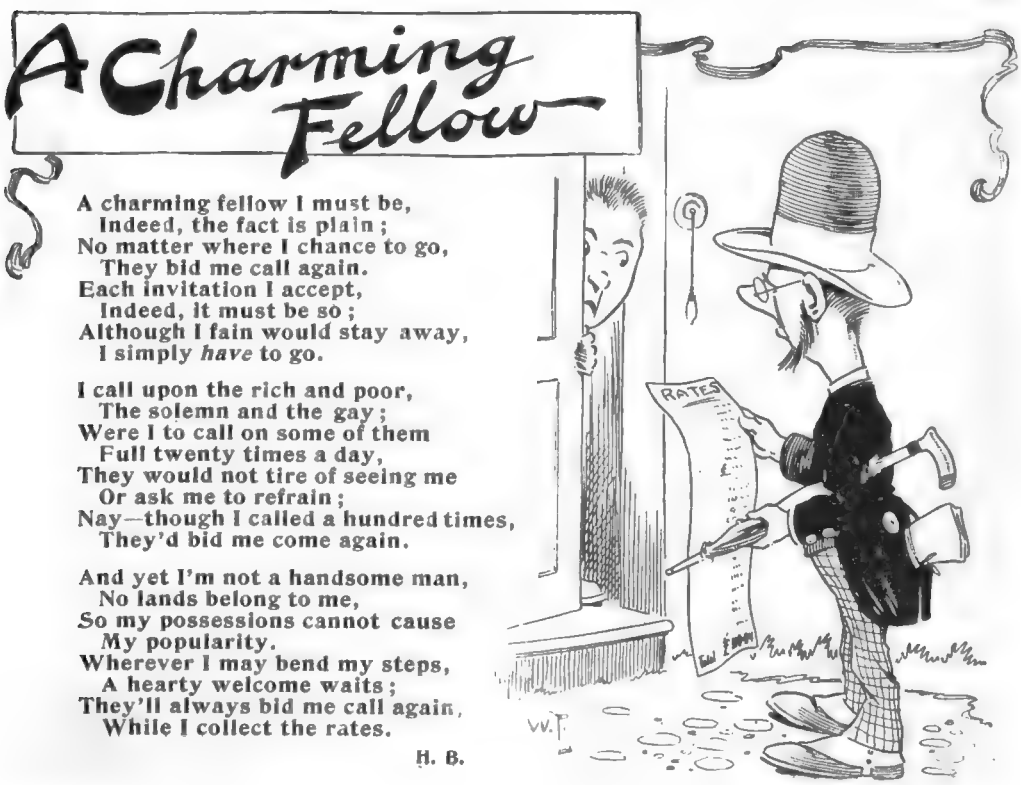
"I thought," she continued, "you would be glad to hear my news, as I understand that you are also to be one of the family now. I suppose it's true about you and Aunty, isn't it? You must settle everything with her after breakfast. We ought to arrange to have a double wedding. What do *you* say?"

What I *wanted* to say wouldn't have looked pretty in print I seized a Bradshaw, rushed upstairs to pack, and, half-an-hour later, was at the Mudbury railway station *en route* for London.

I have no words with which to describe the conduct of the low-born traitor Wilson throughout the whole proceeding. In writing to him from town, next morning, to express my opinion of his underhand methods, I did not omit to quote those memorable words:

"A snake in the grass is not so bitter as a broken reed."

I forget exactly where this quotation comes from; however, that is a matter of small moment, and when Wilson, in reply to my denunciation, asked me for my authority, I simply ignored the request. One only lowers oneself and loses caste by arguing with a person so utterly unspeakable as that ass Wilson.



A charming fellow I must be,
Indeed, the fact is plain;
No matter where I chance to go,
They bid me call again.
Each invitation I accept,
Indeed, it must be so;
Although I fain would stay away,
I simply *have* to go.

I call upon the rich and poor,
The solemn and the gay;
Were I to call on some of them
Full twenty times a day,
They would not tire of seeing me
Or ask me to refrain;
Nay—though I called a hundred times,
They'd bid me come again.

And yet I'm not a handsome man,
No lands belong to me,
So my possessions cannot cause
My popularity.
Wherever I may bend my steps,
A hearty welcome waits;
They'll always bid me call again,
While I collect the rates.

H. B.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

I love to cause perplexity,
I love to make you merry be,
So I, with much dexterity,
Catch, puzzle, make you laugh.

I make my pages full of pranks,
Amuse the wise, and catch the cranks,
And all I ask, by way of thanks,
Is just to make you laugh.

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or ROYAL Packs of Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE MAGICAL TEMPLE.

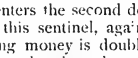
An Englishman enters a Burmese temple with a certain amount of English money in his pocket. The temple has four doors, with a sentinel at each.

On entering the first door he gives four pennies to the sentinel. When inside, the remaining money in his pocket is magically doubled, and when he comes out he again gives the same sentinel another four pennies. Thus, in all, he gives eightpence to the sentinel at the first door.

Now he enters the second door, gives four pennies to this sentinel, again when inside his remaining money is doubled, and again on coming out he gives the sentinel another four pennies. Thus, in all, he gives eight pennies to the sentinel at the second door.

The same events take place on using the third and fourth doors, and when he comes out of the fourth door he finds that he has nothing left in his pocket.

How much money had he to start with?

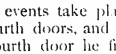


NATURALLY.

CECIL: "I say, do you know what the Devonshire villagers call a cottage-loaf?"

FRED: "No. What?"

CECIL: "Bread."



FLUSTERED.

POOL: "Have you heard what happened to that man who was executed in Paris the other day?"

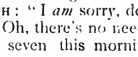
RIVERS: "No; what?"

POOL: "Lost his head, poor chap."

THE MISSING WORDS.

She talked of . . . . . s, she stated the laws,
. . . . . to simple equations.
The . . . . . values of x, it appears,
Are possessed of immense fascinations;
Then, suddenly, ... her theme, she inquired
The precise shade of eyes that he chiefly admired.

The missing word is in each case composed of the same eight letters. The "s" in the first line makes the first word plural; it is not used in the remaining blanks.

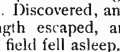


INSOMNIA.

KATE: "I had hardly any sleep last nigh—under an hour altogether."

ELIZABETH: "I *am* sorry, dear."

KATE: "Oh, there's no need to be sorry. I slept till seven this morning as well, of course."



THE DISHONEST TRAMPS.

Three tramps raided a garden and stole some plums. Discovered, and hotly pursued, they at length escaped, and sinking exhausted in a field fell asleep.

Presently one awoke, looked at his slumbering friends, looked at the pile of plums and ate a third of their number. Then he fell asleep.

The second awoke and ate a third of the remainder, then again slept.

The third awoke and also ate a third of the remainder. Just as he finished the other two awoke. Each took an equal number of those that remained. That number was less than nine each.

How many had they originally?

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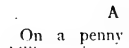
A Coin Trick.

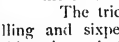
On a penny place a shilling, on the shilling a sixpence (fig. 1).



Hold the penny between the finger and thumb without touching the other coins.

The trick is to shake about the shilling and sixpence till they assume the position shown in fig. 2—side by side on the penny without overlapping.

The best way is to jerk the coins up and down. If you try to slide them they usually fall off.

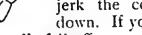


A Fatal Obstacle.

Brown: "Do you know I've just heard from a chap who was in the boat that Oxford would have won the boat-race last spring if it hadn't been for that bridge?"

White: "What bridge?"

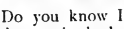
Brown: "Cambridge, of course; what d'you think?"



Are You Observant?

An observer of animals states that a dog on commencing to wag his tail invariably starts by moving it towards the left. Is this so?

On which jaw, the upper or lower, has a cow no teeth? Is it a fact that one jaw is toothless?

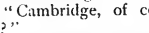


Private Property.

Richard: "I'll tell you a funny thing about Lundy Island; they have their own stamps there."

John: "Indeed! Why I thought the Government had the monopoly of selling stamps."

Richard: "Yes, that's where they get them from."



A E I O U.

"Mr. X" asked some time ago for words, other than *facetious*, in Nuttall's Dictionary, which contained in their order the five vowels. So far he has received *abstemious* and *arsenious*.

Rose—Hand—Doze—Band.

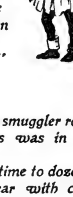
In a recent competition "Mr. X" asked his readers to make a four-line verse, the lines ending respectively in rose, hand, doze, band. An avalanche of verses poured in. Nine out of every ten finished thus: "That awful German band." Wearily setting these aside, 'Mr. X" picked his winners from the remainder and gives here a selection. The winners' names will be found under "Results":

ODE TO JUNE.

Id's the bunth of the lily and rose.
And Bidsummer's Day is a hand;
I've a beastly bad cold id by doze—
Round by throat there's a red fladdel band.

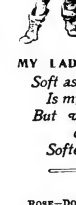
WEARY WILLIAM.

Weary he rested, weary he rose,
Weary from foot to hand,
Too weary to walk—a weary dose:
He's one of the weary band.



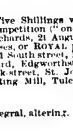
THE DINNER.

The cannibal chief in silence rose
And haughtily waved his hand:
"Go, capture those white men while they doze,
O cooks of my cannibal band!"



THE SMUGGLER.

Then up at once the smuggler rose,
A box of smokes was in his hand;
He knew he had no time to doze
If he would clear with contra-band.



MY LADY TEACHER.

Soft as the petal of the rose
Is my dear teacher's hand,
But when in school I dare to doze—
Softer an iron band.

RESULTS.

Rose—Doze—Hand—Band.—The prize of Five Shillings which "Mr. X" in the June Royal offered in this competition "one and threepence a line"] is awarded to Mr. H. S. Richards, 21 Augustus-road, Edgbaston. Puzzle pen-knives, puzzle purses, or Royal packs of playing-cards go to Miss Kathleen F. Hunt, 1 South street, Rochdale, Lancashire; Miss Myra O'Farrall, Lisard, Edgworthstown, Ireland; Mr. Joseph P. Hanrahan, 43 Patrick-street, St. John's, Newfoundland; and Mr. J. Browne, New Ring Mill, Tuleswar, Uhitaria, Calcutta.

The Magical Temple: 11½d.

The Missing Words: Triangle, relating, integral, alterin.r.

The Dishonest Tramps: 81.

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Real Life Romances.

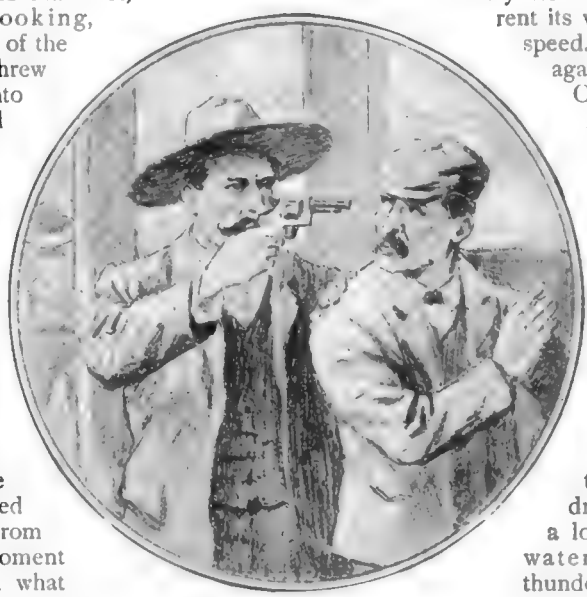
The Editor Specially Invites You to Contribute to this Feature.

From the Wild West.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ENGINE DRIVER.

THE following story comes from Jiminez, in Mexico, where life is not held in high esteem, and every man has occasion for a revolver-pocket — and with the button undone.

A long train of corridor cars stood in Jiminez station. A man hot, panting, furtive-looking, clambered into one of the carriages. He threw himself wearily into a seat, and peered anxiously from the window. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, his teeth clenched, and the look of a hunted animal shone in his eyes.



"Full steam ahead, friend, or I fire."

Several Mexican police boarded the train.

Passing along from one carriage to another, the hunted man at last swung from the train. For a moment he stood uncertain what course to adopt. Then, a sudden thought coming to his mind, a new energy took possession of him. Now he stood between the tender and the car nearest the engine. A sharp hiss ran along the train. The man emerged.

A hand fell upon the engine-driver's shoulder. He turned to meet the blued-steel barrel of a revolver levelled at his head.

"Full steam ahead, friend, or I fire," said a voice harshly from behind the weapon.

The fireman leaped to the track in a panic.

One moment the driver hesitated. The command was repeated. This time the engine moved, first slowly, then gaining impetus every moment.

A gleam of hope crossed the engine-driver's mind. Would the guard apply the brakes? For the first time he glanced over the tender, and his face blanched with amazement.

"I uncoupled them," explained the man from behind his still levelled weapon, jerking his left hand over his shoulder. Then—"Faster, man, faster, or I fire!"

Every moment the huge engine rent its way with increasing speed. Signals, dead set against, were ignored. On, on, thirty, forty, fifty—then sixty miles to the hour it sped, swaying and roaring, the driver perspiring as he had never perspired before in his life, shovelling the coal for dear life into the scorching furnace. Once only did the man permit the driver to draw up at a lonely place to take water; then on, on thundered the monster, its path made clear by frantic telegraphic messages from the railway officials. One hundred and forty-five miles had been traversed in as many minutes *plus* two.

Another hour dragged by. He had conquered his fear of the man. Now a new terror took hold of him. What was his position now? This man was evidently escaping from the penalties of some crime. Dare he return to Jiminez after having aided the man's escape? His post was lost.

The mountainous landscape of the United States border leaped into view. Five miles within the train drew up.

Two men descended. Together they climbed up the mountain side. Side by side they were lost to sight.

Fate had decreed that the engine-driver should share his lot with the guilty man.

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Two Friends.

A ROMANCE OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.

TO the animal-loving Briton there is something quite as appealing in the devotion of one "dumb creature" towards another as there is in the occasional incidents of true human devotion that he reads of in everyday life.

Some years ago there lived in a certain kennel in East Barnet a collie dog. At the same time, and near by, resided a goose.

In the woods lived a fox. And it was entirely owing to the last circumstance that this story is told.

Collie, roaming, met Goose in an awkward predicament. Fox was doing his utmost to get his mouth round Goose's neck. On the other hand, Goose was doing her utmost to prevent him. Thereupon gallant Collie had a sudden inspiration to close his white teeth in Fox's throat, and Fox, having a rooted prejudice to such practice, bethought himself of his legs, and acted on the impulse.

So out, with furious flapping and snapping bill, she would sally, and speedily put the unwary to flight.

Freed from the ruffian, Goose, much frightened, scrambled to her feet. Collie, we may assume, received her undying thanks. At any rate, if she did not express herself in words she certainly did in action. From that hour Goose resolved never to desert her new friend.

Side by side the two proceeded home.

Thus the friendship so excitingly begun grew the stronger every day. The goose was never happy unless the collie was near by. When he trotted into the village, she waddled quickly after him, flapping her wings the better to keep pace with his fast gait.

Collie had charge of the yard. Collie rushed up to intruders, and barked furiously. Goose decided that, as his friend, she must do the same. And so she did, with the exception of the bark, which was a little beyond her bill. Still more, Goose outdid Collie in her zeal, and ventured so far as really to attack the unwelcome.

At first Collie accepted the bird's friendship with good-natured tolerance. He took little notice of her, but seemed quite content to have her always by his side.

Then gradually he permitted closer familiarities. People were amused to see Collie and Goose eating out of the same platter, and sometimes picking at the same dainty, and even squabbling in a most friendly way over some tit-bit.

But, so far as the world saw, there was never a quarrel. Collie never exerted his superior strength to get the better of Goose at meal-times.

Finally Collie, melted by the devotion of the bird, had allotted half his kennel to the goose. Thus in devoted friendship two years passed by.

Then one day Collie fell sick. All day he lay in his kennel suffering in silence. And all day long the goose kept by his side. Nothing would tempt her to leave her suffering friend. Food was placed outside the kennel for her. There it remained untouched, and the poor faithful bird would have starved had not food been forcibly administered. As it was she grew thin and emaciated.

But woe betide the stranger who, not fearing, now the dog was sick, dared to approach the kennel. Goose's small keen eyes were more keenly alert. Collie was sick, and too ill to defend himself, but she was ready to die for him. So out, with furious flapping and snapping bill, she would sally, and speedily put the unwary to flight.

Then one dark night, with Goose still watching at his side, the collie died. They buried him next day, and through the morning and for many more poor Goose wandered vainly seeking her lost friend,

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His Old Father.

CONCERNING A RICH SON.

FORTUNE had treated Joseph Scholtz in no unliberal fashion. From occupying a humble position in a provision-dealer's shop, he had risen to be the foremost grocer in Lincoln, U.S.A. He was a power in business circles. (Men courted him for his wealth, and his hospitality to those that could well and if necessary dispense with it, was a matter of much praise for him.)

Old Scholtz, father to Joseph, lived in neither a mansion nor a house. He lived in an attic His weekly income was such that he could ill-afford to spend as many cents as his wealthy son lavished dollars upon himself.

Joseph lolled back luxuriously in a handsome morocco chair, blew a cloud of smoke from a fifty-cent cigar, eyed with satisfaction the comfort of his smoke-room, and turned once more to the pile of catalogues that for the last two hours had been absorbing his attention.

Old Scholtz balanced himself on a creaking, rickety chair, and raised his eyes wearily to his squalid surroundings. Just now a momentous question occupied his mind. Could he spare the princely sum of ninety cents to buy a pair of boots? It seemed a lot of money to pay—yet the boots were nearly new.

Away went the motor-car, a blaze of brilliance and luxury in the bright sunlight.

Joseph, still in his easy-chair, had just settled the question that had for some hours been occupying his attention.

Best was best, and would last longest in the end. There and then he seated himself at his desk and made arrangements for the purchase of a four-thousand dollar motor-car.

Two days later Joseph Scholtz was whirring down the streets of Lincoln the only occupant of a magnificent motor-car.

A thought came to his mind. His old father! Why not put into action the little scheme that he had long had in store for the old man?

He left the chief thoroughfares and steered the great car down by-streets and alleys, where the appearance of such a splendid equipage caused no little sensation, the guttersnipes standing open-mouthed, or cheering as it passed.

At the door of a tall, dirty-looking house, Joseph drew up. He descended, ran up an endless flight of stairs, and pushed his way into a small room above the top storey.

Old Scholtz looked round.

"I want you, father," said Joseph. The old man rose and followed his son downstairs. He got into the car, and Joseph threw a handsome rug over the old man's knees.

Away went the motor-car, a blaze of brilliance and luxury in the bright sunlight. Down one street, round a corner into another, the son drove his father. Presently they drew up before a massive building.

Joseph descended, and, waiting impatiently for his old father to descend, pulled the bell.

"I have brought this man," he said to an official.

Old Scholtz bewildered, staggered inside the gate. His son had gone.

"What is this place?" he asked.

"The workhouse," came the cold reply.

"But," faltered the old man, "why was I brought here?"

"How should I know," replied the official. "Who's the gent in the motor-car?"

"My son."

It is pleasing to know that this fortunately unusual incident of human nature has a sequel. For the County Commissioners of Lincoln, having learned the story, have now compelled Joseph Scholtz to support his father in his own magnificent house.

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A Spanish Lottery.

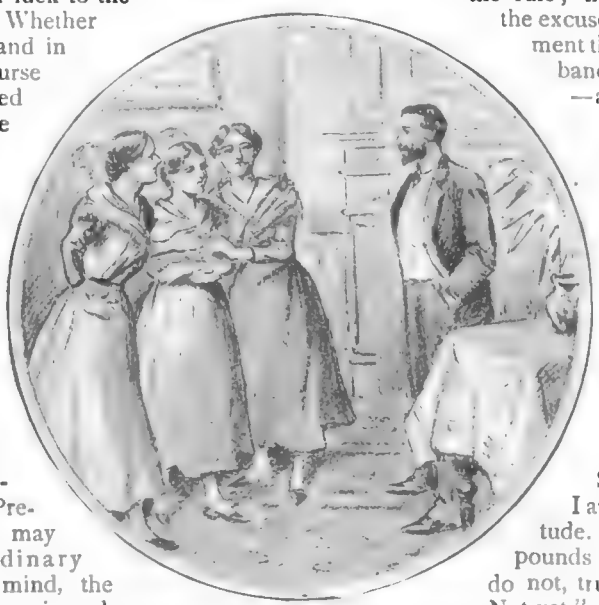
THE STORY OF A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

"IF I win the Grand Prize in the forthcoming Great International Lottery," said Don Rafael Olcima, "I will divide the money amongst the pretty little laundresses of my quarter."

This was a generous offer truly, but what mattered £5000, the advertised sum, to a Spaniard of his wealth? A mere drop in the ocean!

But, great the excitement, great the anticipation in that small colony of poor, hard-working girls. Many and fervent were the prayers to all the blessed saints that they would ensure good luck to the most noble Señor. Whether the saints had a hand in it or not, in due course Don Rafael received the prize, and he kept his promise. The five poorest of the laundresses were bidden to his house, and to each of them he personally handed £1000.

Transported with joy and gratitude, all five promptly offered to marry the handsome donor! Preposterous as this may seem to the ordinary English type of mind, the generous Spaniard acquiesced, though greatly embarrassed as to how he should choose his proffered bride from the eager group before him without unduly hurting the feelings of the other four.



"Ladies, you do me too much honour."

A happy thought struck him.

"Ladies, you do me too much honour," said he. "But, alas! I cannot marry all five of you. And you are all so beautiful, so charming, I cannot make a preference. I must, therefore, beg that you will for me draw lots."

Laughingly, the girls agreed; but the drawing was an affair of much moment; for were not husband, riches, happiness, all staked upon the successful taking of a simple strip of paper? Manuela, the recognised *belle* of the party, won the prize. Her companions, envious though they were, pressed around her with hearty congratulations. Don Rafael advanced to salute her as prospective bridegroom should; but, to the astonishment of all, Manuela shrank back.

"No, Señor, no. After all, I will not marry you."

"Manuela! Little fool!" chorussed the quartette.

Don Rafael, in a tone of not unnatural *pique*, inquired for what reason he was thus rejected by one who had herself proposed to espouse him. Spaniards are said to be capricious, and Manuela was no exception to the rule; this, then, must be the excuse for her announcement that instead of a husband she would prefer—an automobile!

"So be it," said Don Rafael, "but you will, perhaps, permit me to observe that I consider you are acting foolishly, and that, sooner or later, you will repent."

Manuela shrugged her shoulders. "That may be so, Señor. But, indeed, I am not without gratitude. I think the thousand pounds turned my head. I do not, truly, wish to marry. Not yet."

"There are still four of us, Señor," murmured the next most beautiful girl, who had long been a formidable rival to Manuela.

Don Rafael smiled. "Ah!" quoth he. "And am I again to be raffled for?"

"Señor, no," cried Manuela. "Let me advise. Take Rosita. She will make you happy. She is good as well as fair. It is truth that I speak, Señor."

Don Rafael hesitated a moment, but Manuela's voice carried conviction.

Rosita stepped forth shyly, her hands outstretched; her dark, liquid eyes raised appealingly to those of the much-coveted husband. Don Rafael did not try to resist them. He took Manuela's advice, and Rosita. He reaps the reward of happiness.

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Photo Hellis & Sons.
Sergeant J. Ford, who tells the story.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. XX.—CHILLIANWALLA: A JUNGLE BATTLE.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF SERGEANT J FORD (LATE GRENADIER COMPANY, 61ST FOOT).

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

"Sergeant Ford was pay and senior sergeant of the Grenadier Company of the 61st Regiment during the Cubi Campaign in the Punjaub, and was present in every action in which his corps was engaged. I can vouch for his exemplary and gallant conduct throughout the service, but more particularly in the action of Ch llianwalla, where he behaved with remarkable bravery with the noble company to which he belonged, and of which I was an eye-witness."

That testimonial, written nearly sixty years ago, was given by Sir Colin Campbell to the remarkable veteran who is one of the very few survivors of the great battle of Chillianwalla, India, on Jan. 13th, 1849, when Lord Gough attacked the Sikh army. He lost nearly 1000 officers and men killed and had 1500 wounded; while of the enemy 3000 were killed and 4000 wounded. From November, 1845, to November, 1850, Sergeant Ford marched with his regiment 5295 miles, sometimes covering forty miles a day.

SCORCHING heat by day, freezing cold by night—heat so fierce that men dropped dead in the ranks, cold so intense that comrades perished in their sleep—always marching, often over choking plains, ankle-deep in sand, carrying your crossbelt with sixty rounds of ammunition and your musket in your hands; with few tents, no comforts, little water, scanty rations—that was our training for the jungle fight at Chillianwalla.

And all for fivepence a day—when you got it, which you did when there were no stoppages. But there were many British soldiers under old John Company Bahadur who had never a penny due to them when they had paid for new boots and other equipment which they were forced to have to ply their trade of fighting. Yes, fivepence daily was our reward in wealthy, lazy, deadly India—so that John Company, despite his boundless riches, was not more liberal as a master than John Bull proved when the Honourable Company's troops became Imperial soldiers.

We had marched from Cawnpore, glad beyond telling to escape from a city which in eight months had claimed the lives of 89 men, 74 children, and 26 women of my regiment. Marching, suffering, fighting—that was our lot; but what did it matter, so that we got clear of the unhealthiest city in India?

Being tall and stalwart, I was in the Grenadier Company of my regiment, and the grenadiers in those days took the place of honour as the flank companies, and were distinguished by their bearskin headdress and the "wings," which you now see only on the shoulders of bandsmen. We were big, heavy men, and those who were smaller and lighter called us "The Sandbags"—but was there ever a post of honour that was not belittled by those who did not fill it? We got level with the scoffers by calling them "The Buffers."

Through sandy desert and dense jungle we had forced our way to Chillianwalla, where between 30,000 and 40,000 Sikhs, with 62 guns, were waiting for us. They were in a formidable position and had advantages of which Lord Gough was ignorant when he resolved to attack it. In guns they equaled us; in troops they were two to one. They had a double line of intrenchments; in front of their position were obstacles such as boughs to cripple our cavalry work; in the rear was a rock like a precipice, down which we were at liberty to tumble if we carried their stronghold. But their greatest protection and our worst barrier was the jungle thereabouts

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—the jungle into which they lured us, and where many of our men were destroyed while they were as helpless as game in a battue.

We had been slow in getting into touch with the enemy, but now that we were face to face, and our old Commander-in-Chief had inspected us and told us how we were to fight, we knew that it would not be long before we were in the death grip. It was wonderful to notice the different ways in which men looked at things—some carelessly, even recklessly; some with a strange fear or overwhelming foreboding—but all consumed with eagerness to be up and doing and get the terrible tension over.

You have heard of people having a premonition of death? Those who will may scoff at it, but I know too well how true it is; and even in those far-off days, before the Crimea and the Mutiny were talked of, I had been a witness more than once of its fulfilment. You notice and remember these things most when they come nearest home to you, and a case came very closely home to me at Chillianwalla. There was a special friend of my own, by name George Hanlin, who had been with me in my company for nine years.

On the night before the battle we had walked to the regimental bazaar or market. We knew that the fight could not be long delayed, because already we had seen the enemy's camp very plainly. Most of us, indeed, were glad to think that we were so soon to measure strength—and I was in the majority. I had escaped death in so many terrible forms already—cholera, dysentery, and the hundred and one swift dooms of the East—that I could almost afford to laugh at muskets, guns, and steel, and I dwelt with a light heart on the prospects of the morrow.

Not so my friend. He was gloomy and disturbed, and when I said, as we returned: "I think we shall have a bit of a brush with the enemy to-morrow, George," he answered: "Do you think so?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Then," he said solemnly, "if we do, I'm sure to be killed."

I tried to laugh his fears away. "Why so?" I asked.

"Because I am," he replied, and with that—a woman's reason and a fatalist's—I had to be content.

I could laugh and argue as I liked, but my words had no effect on him. He was positive, and, I believe, resigned—can it be that at such a time there comes to some of us the power of seeing into the unknown and comprehending the unfathomable?—and, talk as I would, and did, I could not cheer him or remove his conviction.

"No," he repeated positively; "I shall be killed. I know it, and I want you to take charge of my things and the few rupees I have."

What could I do but promise? I gave him my word—and, oh! the solemnity of that night before the battle, the thoughts of home and far-off England, that possessed even the most reckless of us. And the grim sensations when the night fell and the hospital-sergeant came to our tent and issued bandages to the pay-sergeant—myself—with rough instructions how to put them on a wounded leg or arm!

That confirmed my friend's gloom; but, as for me, I went about my business and took things easily. I made up my accounts—for I was at all times methodical—even to the preparation of a balance-sheet between my company officer and myself. That took me until nearly midnight. Then I slept till five in the morning, when the *réveillé* sounded, and we all turned out, struck our tents and loaded up the elephants with them, and put our bedding on the camels. Two hours later we were ready to march—such a march as I had never before seen and was never again to know, even in India.

We went at it through the thick jungle and over ditches and hedges, on and on until we were near the Sikh outposts. Again we halted, and a dram of grog and a pound of beef were issued to each man. Half-an-hour's rest, then on again until noon, when we heard the first growl of the combat.

There was a crash in front of us, a flash of flame, a cloud of smoke, and the boom of artillery.

It was the opening music of our jungle battle.

But that was only, after all, an affair of outposts, and we were suffered to remain in peace on a space of open ground outside the jungle which we of our division had reached. From the spot where we piled our arms not one of the enemy was to be seen; so some of us lay down to sleep, while others kept awake and idled, too restless to repose.

I was sleeping peacefully when I was galvanised into life and action. What had happened?

What was the meaning of the scattering of our piled arms, the furious beating of our drums, the wild rushing of men, the hoarse shouting of our officers, the galloping of aides-de-camp? And, above all, what was the

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meaning of that terrific cannonade almost, as it seemed, in the midst of us?

The soldier's instinct gave the answer. This was the real battle at last.

As soon as I awoke I dashed for my musket, and fell into my place in the line that was already advancing to charge the enemy.

Grape and canister screamed about us—wildly for the present; but we had only covered a hundred yards when a round shot shattered the head of my comrade Hanlin.

His prophecy had come true—and with terribly dramatic emphasis, for of all who fell on that desperate field he was the first to be slain.

Our company officer turned round for an instant.

"We can do nothing for him?" he shouted. "Come on!"

"No, sir, nothing," I shouted back. "He's as dead as a door-nail."

Then we were struggling ahead again into the hail of missiles, with the earth around us becoming such a shambles that we could scarcely move without walking over fallen comrades. My company was thinned frightfully, for even early in the battle a third of its members were killed or wounded.

As we advanced I noticed one of many instances of the way in which the British soldier will keep his place in the ranks even when he is dangerously or mortally wounded. A comrade named Mason was lagging behind.

"What's the matter, Jim?" I said.

"I think I'm shot in the body," he answered.

"Then you'd better fall out," I told him.

"Not I," he said; "I shall be better directly."

With that he pulled himself together and hurried up to his place in the front rank, like the brave fellow he was. He had scarcely done so, and had not even fired a shot, when he fell dead. Afterwards it was found that he was right, and that he had been fatally wounded by a shot in the lower part of the body.

When the fire of war is burning in your veins you will do things that in cold blood are impossible. How, if we had had time to think, could we have obeyed the orders to advance over ground every yard of which was a death-trap? It is hard enough work to go ahead across smooth ground, with nothing to oppose you, and when the air is clear and fresh; how hard, then, in an Oriental country, under a blazing sun, at the hottest time of the day, laden like beasts of burden, and, when we were not ploughing through sand, forcing our way through the swamp and jungle to get at the enemy, who were mowing us down with their guns and picking us off with their small-arms?

You can picture our case to some extent by imagining troops operating over a patch of country in England, advancing to the charge across land thick with high grass and broken up with ponds and swamps. At the best the progress would be slow; in circumstances like ours it equaled only a crawl. Yet in some way we went ahead, struggling through the jungle towards the Sikhs, for there was no going back, and the sooner we got to their position the quicker we should reach the end of the fight.

The jungle sheltered some of us from the fire; others it shielded from the sun when they were struck down, while it offered protection to many a poor wretch who crawled into its shade from the open where he had been wounded.

That passage through the jungle made many breaks and gaps in our line as we advanced, and by the time we were through it many companies had been reduced to sections; but we were clear of it at last, and got our chance to return the fire which already had destroyed so many of my comrades. We of the 61st gave it as hot as we got it, and the cannonading was terrific. A very inferno of artillery fire confronted us, but we had clear ground to rush across, and over it we went, to the muzzles of a battery of twenty guns. We dashed up and took them, and it seemed as if already we were to score a victory, because we had done the seemingly impossible.

It was at this thrilling stage of the battle that two sharp contrasts were afforded of the behaviour of troops in action. As it is with individuals, so it is with regiments: the one will show the extreme of courage, the other the utmost cowardice. The first quality was displayed by the 24th Regiment, now the South Wales Borderers; the second by a crack British cavalry regiment, which had greatly distinguished itself not long before, and did the same afterwards, when it found itself again. The 24th belonged to the 5th Brigade, and this was ordered to advance by Lord Gough, who was somewhat hasty tempered. The 24th were as fine and brave a lot of troops as I ever saw, and to tell them to advance was to set a spark to powder.

They rushed on, never stopping, forging over the dusty ground, forcing their way through the jungle, advancing until they were

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We dashed up and took them, and it seemed as if already we were to score a victory.

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only eighty yards or so from the Sikhs. The danger and misfortune of their position was that they had to force their passage blindly, because they could not see the enemy towards whom they advanced. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the open space they had gained was strewn with the mangled forms of British soldiers, for the Sikhs had opened fire from masked guns, and with grape and canister at point-blank range mowed the 24th down by sections.

It was an appalling slaughter, an unexpected and fatal check.

We were very near them, and I saw the whole dreadful drama, the hail of grape and canister, the blotting out of a regiment, as it seemed, the shattered ranks which but a moment before had been so strong and steady. Lieutenant-Colonel Brook, commanding the 24th, was slain as he encouraged his men in the attack; Brigadier-General Pennyquick was killed, too, and on that fatal field, where many mighty deeds were done, I saw none nobler than the hopeless effort of the brigadier's son to save his father's life. He was a young ensign, a mere youth, but he fought like a lion over his father's prostrate body, and fell only when he was cut to pieces.

On that great day, renowned for ever in the annals of the 24th, thirteen of their officers and 227 men were killed, and ten officers and 300 men were wounded. Almost exactly thirty years afterwards the 24th were annihilated by the Zulus at Isandalwana, and the story is told that just before the butchery the officers of the two battalions met, and, having a few bottles of wine left, they jokingly drank the toast: "That we may have better luck and not get into such a —— mess as we did at Chillianwalla!" A few hours later not one of the toast-drinkers was left alive.

But while the 24th at Chillianwalla did so bravely, some of the cavalry were sejzed with panic and bolted, tearing madly over the ground, caring for nothing but their own skins. They dashed over our wounded, and many a man who would have survived the enemy's bullets was killed by the hoofs of his own comrades' horses.

It is not well to talk too much of that part of the affair; but afterwards, when Sir Charles Napier inspected the regiment, he said some icy things, and the colonel went and committed suicide in his bathroom.

A worse punishment than that was given by those of us who had been in the fight and had seen what happened. Trust the British soldier for choosing the right way to show his liking or contempt—and many a crack cavalryman wished that he had stayed on the battlefield when he writhed under the taunt: "Who turned their horses' tails to the enemy at Chillianwalla?"

While the 24th were being destroyed in such wholesale fashion the 61st continued their advance. We had this great advantage, that the ground over which we were working was more open than the area of operations of the 24th. We could see our objective pretty clearly, and that was a Sikh battery here and another there—the guns being distributed in pairs and threes. At them we went. With a rush and a cheer we were upon them and in the midst of the gunners. It was short work to spike the weapons, shorter still to dispose of the artillerymen when once we could get the bayonet in.

The Sikhs were fierce and desperate fighters and splendid swordsmen. They did not show a sign of defeat until they recognised that the position which they had considered impregnable had been stormed and taken by the British and native troops. Then they began to withdraw, to pull themselves out of the wild *mêlée*, and seek the shelter of a safer place.

Many of their guns were ours, many more, which we could not bring away, we made useless; but because of our losses we were not able to clinch our victory for the present, so, after a short bout of one of the most ferocious battles ever waged in India, we were got together by our officers, slowly returned over the field, and made ready to pass the night.

That fatal afternoon passed, and the night came, bringing with it one of the heaviest rainstorms I had ever seen, accompanied by incessant thunder and lightning. In such a lurid setting we piled our arms, then set about a task which was infinitely worse than anything we had yet accomplished, and that was to collect our wounded and bring them in for the surgeons. Yet even then we were not so far overcome that we could not raise three rousing cheers when our old chief, Sir Colin Campbell, rode past our shattered regiment. It was said afterwards that his leadership of the 61st decided the action and saved the British Army; while the Duke of Wellington declared that our performance was one of the most brilliant exploits ever performed by that Army.

The commissariat was close at hand—so close that one of the camels laden with rum was struck by a round shot at the beginning

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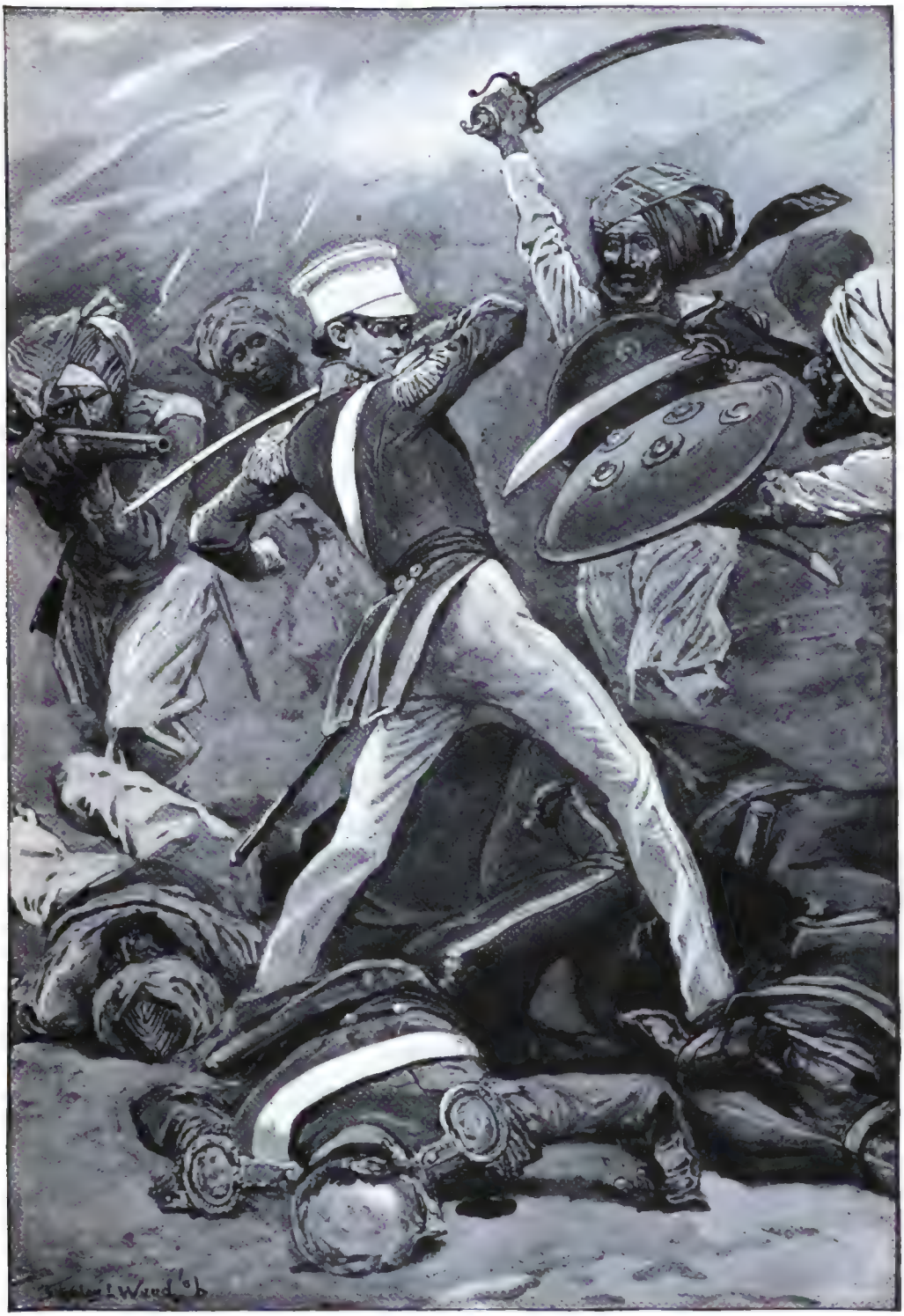

He fought like a lion over his father's prostrate body, and fell only when he was cut to pieces.

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of the battle, and, poor brute, wounded though he was, carried his two barrels of spirit for hours afterwards. Pay-sergeants were ordered to attend for grog, and I claimed the full allowance for my company's casualties. But nobody wanted rum, and the mournful and incessant cry was: "Water! Water!" from the wounded—and the pity of it was that there was not a drop of water available.

Never can I forget that night after the battle. The air was rent with the groans and cries of the sufferers, and the more terrible sounds from those who were in the hands of the surgeons. Men who had passed unscathed through combat, who had borne themselves unflinchingly, quailed at the sights they witnessed on and about the rough tables which the doctors used. One man in particular was so overcome by what he saw that he went into hospital and died.

Merciful though the surgeons' work was, yet it was more hideous than the havoc of the battle, for in the one there was passive endurance in full consciousness, in the other the excitement of the contest, and, often enough, ignorance of the fact that injury had been sustained. The dim lights of lamps and candles, the lightning flashes showing for an instant the whole ghastly spectacle, the crashing thunder, the pitiless deluge of rain, the harassed surgeons working furiously, the cries, the groans—above all, the unutterably appealing looks of stricken men whose turn was coming—this was war stripped of its thrill and pomp.

In the jungle and on the open ground, when the day broke, I came across the dead and wounded wherever I turned. In the night some of the injured had fallen into the hands of the enemy, who gave no quarter, and it had not been possible to find others. There were veterans and recruits in all sorts of strange positions, some looking as if they were sleeping, others hideously contorted. Of the living, most of the veterans were grim and reconciled, but it was from the youngsters that the most heartrending prayers and appeals came—and many a lad, with the freshness of home still on his face, was calling for his mother.

At one spot I saw a fine Sikh who had attacked a British infantryman. Sword in hand he had rushed upon his enemy just as the charge was being rammed home, and while the ramrod was still in the barrel. The infantryman had seen that he could not reload in time to fire, so he had pulled the trigger, and the ramrod was shot through the Sikh's face and head. Yet in spite of his awful wound, the noble fellow never flinched or murmured; he made no sound when I bent over him. He was carried to the surgeons, and died as soon as they had drawn the ramrod out. In another place a British soldier, badly wounded, laughed and chatted as he was carried from the field; at the same time he complained of pain in his hands—yet both his arms had been shot away.

Next day, when we buried our dead, the rain continued, deepening our misery. Worst of all, perhaps, was that sad final ceremony. In two trenches alone, which our sappers and miners dug, we buried 197 of the 24th and fourteen of the 61st; then, thank God, there was work to do in intrenching ourselves, and in the stress of labour we forgot our woes.

At last the sun came out again, and—such is soldiering—we laughed and joked almost as if there had been no fighting—laughed when a horse broke loose and galloped through the camp, with ropes and pegs flying about his heels, or when a man barked his shins in the darkness, or a camel snapped viciously, or when a new elephant, which did not fancy work, stampeded with its huge load of camp equipage or gunny-bags.

The heat of battle vanished, the days passed quickly, and—the enemy retreated from Chillianwalla. We started after him, our band playing as we left "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." For a whole month we and the enemy kept in sight of each other, until he gave us battle once more at Goojerat. This time we conquered him completely, pursuing him from mid-day until dark. He left us his camp, baggage, ammunition, and fifty-three guns—and our loss was only one-third that which we suffered in our jungle fight.

In both battles I escaped injury; but I was wounded not long afterwards in a little affair with the Afridis, who were giving England trouble not long ago. We were out skirmishing at the time, and saw a man on a camel with a swivel gun—rather like a little ship of war let loose on land.

"I'm going to have a shot at that chap," I said, and three of us rushed up to within about forty yards, quite expecting an easy capture. But before we could get our muskets up the swivel gun was fired, and the three of us went down. I was shot in the leg, one of my comrades was shockingly wounded in the face, and the third was bowled over so badly that he could not live. He puzzled the doctors for a long time. Then they found that one of his brace buttons had been driven into him.

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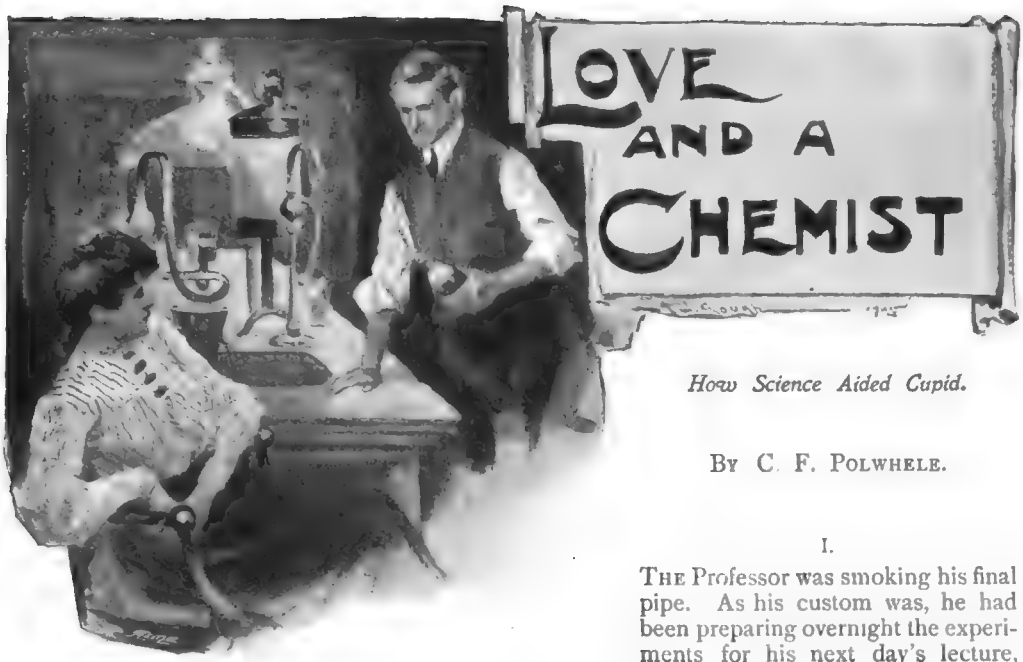

How Science Aided Cupid.

By C. F. Polwhele.

I.

The Professor was smoking his final pipe. As his custom was, he had been preparing overnight the experiments for his next day's lecture, and he stood now leaning on the bench before him, and surveying with a critical eye the rows of bottles, test-tubes, and flasks he was to use on the morrow. Unlike most of his kind, the Professor was a young man. Indeed, it was probably unprecedented that the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Oxbridge should be occupied by a man of no more than thirty-five summers.

But Peter Gale, though inferior to his predecessors in years, was by no means so in erudition. No student of science will readily forget the sensation which he caused in the chemical world by the publication of his researches on the less known alkaloids, and the unparalleled brilliance of manipulation and detail which characterised all his work, many of his theses being already classics in the literature of Natural Science. So it came as a surprise to no one when three years ago Oxbridge offered him the Chair of Chemistry.

It had been the culmination of a career which chance had favoured in no ordinary measure. Blessed with a private fortune of his own, vigorous health, and a masterly brain, a distinguished future promised as the natural sequel to a brilliant youth and early manhood.

Indeed, there seemed but one fault in the making of him; and that was an altogether abnormal shyness in all matters social, and especially in his relations with the opposite sex. Most of his days had been spent in the seclusion of the laboratory, with the result that this failing had been fostered instead of overcome, and, though known to few but himself, it was one of the most real terrors of his life to have to hold any communication whatever with a being in petticoats, were she of high or low degree.

However, as a man of note, the world glorified even his faults, and the Professor was popularly supposed to be a woman-hater, which indeed added not a little to the fame of his personality. As time went on he had gradually become conscious of this, and, realising its potentialities, had almost unconsciously come to play the part with a consistency and vigilance which was as real as the part itself was assumed. Indeed, at the time this story opens he was himself almost beginning to believe that the disturbed state of his consciousness when in feminine society was bred, not of an awkward shyness, but of a manly and somewhat romantic aversion to what was proverbially the more frivolous and irresponsible sex.

As he now finally surveyed his lecture-table, he was musing on the inadvisability of a step recently taken by the University in admitting women students to the School of Natural Science, and so to the laboratories in which he lectured and demonstrated.

". . . pearls before swine," he murmured, as though addressing the now empty benches. "Yes, gentlemen, I do not think I am characterising the case too harshly when

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I say that it is a veritable casting of pearls before swine."

The Professor took his pipe from his mouth, observed that it was finished, and as he walked towards the door scraped it out with the thin end of his spatula. He paused there with his hand on the electric light switch, and took a last look at his beloved bottles. As he glanced round the laboratory an expression of satisfaction shone in his eyes for a moment, but this died out with alarming suddenness as his gaze fixed itself on one of the student's benches, where, in contrast with the empty neatness of its neighbours, there still lay a pile of note-books, crucibles, test-tubes, and reagents in happy and careless confusion.

"Another of those untidy girls!" growled the Professor as he strode across the room, and, with a scowling brow, read the label over the bench:

"Miss Jessie Grace."

His frown grew darker, and he screwed up the corners of his lips.

"Confound!" said the Professor.

Now, Peter Gale was a mild-tempered man not given to strong language. When, at the end of a long day's worry, the breaking of a flask or the failure of some apparatus had necessitated the repetition of the whole work, his assistants had never heard him say anything more vehement than "This is very unfortunate," or "That is most annoying." Hence it was the more to be wondered at that the mere sight of a girl's name, and not an ugly name withal, should cause him to utter this comparatively terrible expletive.

It was, perhaps, even more remarkable that having ejaculated:

"I must really speak to Miss Grace to-morrow about this—she seems to think my assistants have no work to do but to clear up her bench," he began very slowly and carefully, as though engaged on one of his own delicate and beloved researches, to put away in their places with his own professorial hands the litter of apparatus that covered the bench before him. Then he put out the light, and went to bed.

II.

Professor Gale, being a bachelor, enjoyed the privilege of living in college rooms. He was awakened next morning by the familiar sound of his scout's voice as he drew up the blind, letting a flood of sunshine into his master's bedroom.

"Good morning, sir, a lovely morning, and will you breakfast in or out, sir?"

Having ordered his meal, the Professor lay on in the sunlight thinking.

It was the last day of the summer term. He had only one more lecture to deliver, and then he was free for four long months to devote himself to his science, with no thoughtless undergraduates or untidy girls to worry him. An important paper for the journal of the Chemical Society was as yet incomplete, and he had been looking forward with no small relish to finishing it in the peace and quiet of the long vacation.

Yet, curiously enough, as he lay half-asleep that early summer morning, the Professor's thoughts were of other things than chemical societies and learned papers. So pleasant were his musings that half-an-hour later, when his scout knocked at the door to say that his breakfast was ready, the Professor was still in bed, and it was only with great difficulty, and no small danger to his digestion, that he managed at a few minutes after ten to be down at his laboratory ready for his last lecture for the term.

As he walked into the room the general hum of conversation which rose from the crowded benches before him gave place to a silence only broken by the shuffling of opening note-books and the click of pens dipping in the ink.

The Professor took a hasty glance at his MS. and apparatus, and then, carefully selecting a piece of chalk, began his lecture.

"Gentlemen"—he always markedly ignored those of his audience to whom this title did not apply—"gentlemen, I propose to close this term's course with a lecture on that most fascinating of subjects—The Theory of Colour." He paused, and some twenty or thirty pens squeaked as they inscribed on as many new white pages, with various individual flourishes, the headline, "Theory of Colour." The Professor's eyes wandered away to a far corner of the laboratory where sat, in somewhat timid isolation, the half-a-dozen girl students who were reading chemistry. It was a very hot morning.

"We sometimes find," he resumed, "two substances which are apparently alike in every property; reactions, composition, crystalline form, etc., are the same in each—in fact, the only way they differ is in their colour. Substances which exhibit this phenomenon (here the Professor's voice dropped a semi-tone) are designated as 'colour twins,'" and he turned to the black-board to illustrate his words by a diagram.

The lecture wore on. Exemplary undergraduates wrote notes as for their lives,

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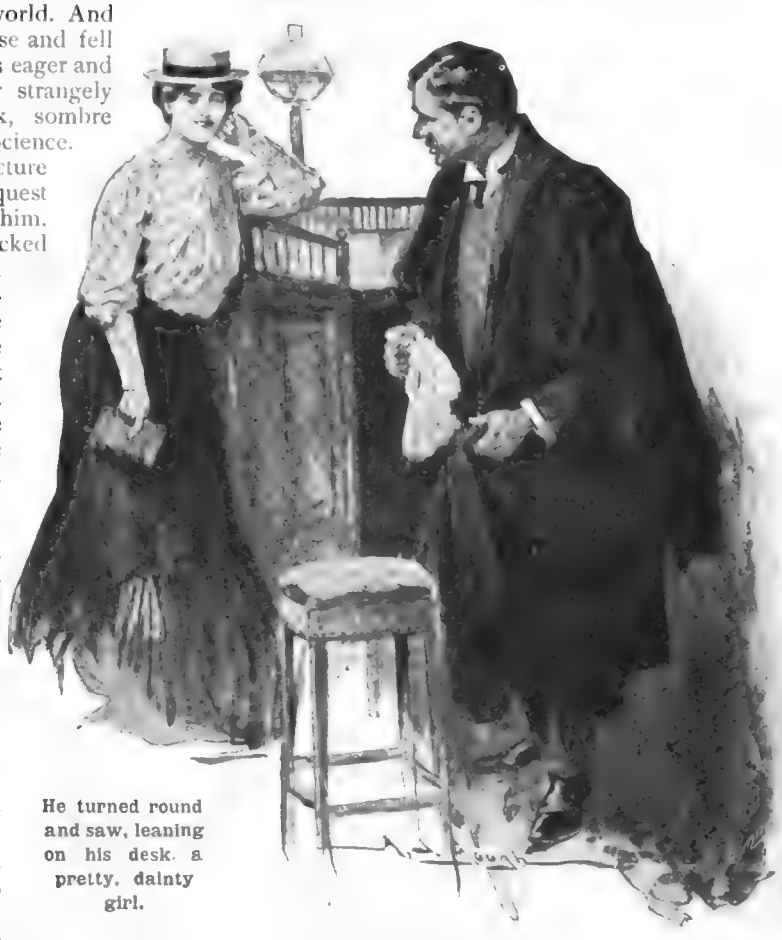
marveling at the Professor's lucid and ready language in dealing with a difficult theme. Boating men sat in restless boredom, dully ruminating on the senselessness of an educational system which compelled them to listen to an uninteresting lecture, whilst outside the sun gladdened the world. And the Professor's voice rose and fell in measured periods, his eager and intelligent face looking strangely young above the black, sombre gown of the Doctor of Science.

At the end of his lecture he told an assistant to request Miss Grace to speak to him. He then clumsily knocked over a beaker of distilled water, observing to himself at the same time that the untidiness he had witnessed the night before was nothing short of disgraceful. A minute or two later, when the students had noisily left the lecture room, and the Professor was drying as well as he could with a duster the end of his coat, over which he had spilt the water, he was still muttering:

"Disgraceful, absolutely disgraceful!" when a voice said behind him:

"Oh! it's not as bad as that, surely, Professor?"



He turned round and saw, leaning on his desk, a pretty, dainty girl.

He turned round and saw, leaning on his desk a pretty, dainty girl of some twenty-one years, her roguish eyes just now looking their prettiest as they sparkled with amusement at his mischance.

He concentrated all the dignity of his position into his voice as he answered:

"Good-morning, Miss Grace—no damage, I am glad to say—merely a little water; accidents will happen even to the most careful experimenters. But what I wished to speak to you about was the very untidy, the *very* untidy condition you left your desk in last night."

Miss Grace was looking the incarnation of demure maidenhood, but her lips framed no reply.

"You really must, *must* try to be a little more careful. My assistants, you know, have quite——"

"Oh, Professor, I'm so sorry," interrupted the girl, "I really am *awfully* sorry, but you know I do *hate* this horrid old chemistry so."

The Professor began to feel uncomfortable. He was not used to hearing such remarks from his pupils.

"It's so dry and dull, and—oh, well, it's everything nasty and beastly"

"My dear young lady——" began the Professor, but he was stopped short by that determined little voice again.

"Oh, I know what you'll say, all that about the beauties of science and the march of progress—but I don't care, I *do* hate it and I always shall! Why, look here," and she opened a suspiciously thin note-book, "look at my notes to-day, 'Theory of Colour,' or whatever the horrid thing is. Here you've been gassing (I am sorry to say this was

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the word Miss Grace used) away for over an hour and I've only got down a quarter of a page of notes!"

The Professor was conscious that a pair of very defiant and very charming eyes was looking into his, and he felt hopelessly beaten as he began:

"Dear me, I thought I made the subject fairly clear—dear me—well, I hope, at any rate, next term you will really try——"

The face before him was radiant with smiles again. "Oh, but I'm not coming up again next term, Professor; no, thank goodness, no more chemistry for me, though I shall be jolly sick at missing the rest of this dear old Oxbridge, I can tell you!"

It seemed just then to Professor Gale as though some swelling, amorphous lump had suddenly arisen into his thorax out of nowhere, for the moment rendering him quite incapable of speech or movement.

When he did speak, it was to say: "Not coming up next term, not coming up? I am very sorry, *very*——"

"Oh, Professor," he heard her say, "how can you tell such stories! You know you simply can't bear us women-folk a bit! Goodbye, Professor."

He was conscious of a little gloved hand in his for a moment, the end of a skirt flying out through the door, a few quick steps in the corridor, the characteristic swish-gluck-cluck of a swing door, and he realised that he was alone. He mechanically took off his gown; he put his hand in his pocket and found the wet duster there. He sat down on a chair and gazed vacantly at the bits of broken glass; but he did not see the glass. All he saw was a pair of laughing, dancing, defiant eyes. . . .

"*Confound!*" said the Professor, and he said it with even more vehemence than before.

III.

Some ten days later the Secretary of the Chemical Society received a letter from Professor Gale. The Professor was sorry that, owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, he would not be able to read his promised paper for an indefinite time. There were hints of experiments not having resulted as the Professor had expected, but altogether it was a curiously-worded letter and the Secretary was surprised.

Not only was it an unprecedented thing for Professor Gale to undertake a thing and then not do it; but for him to promise a paper on experiments which were not yet carried out, and to postpone it indefinitely without any explanation, was so unlike the regular and conscientious individual which corresponded in the Secretary's mind with the words "Professor Gale," that it perplexed him not a little.

He would have been perplexed still more if, by some miraculous perversion of the laws of optics, he could, whilst reading the letter, have seen Professor Gale as he then was.

It was the second week in July.

Far from the Secretary's dingy office, over a blue ocean the gulls sailed majestically. Here and there in the bay, little Cornish fishing boats swayed to and fro in the long, deep swell, whilst out on the horizon big steamers seemed to pass without motion on their way, leaving thin, grey lines of smoke to mark their passage. And there, on the crisp, dry turf which covered the cliff, clothed in quaint, blue-striped flannel trousers, his feet incased in black rubber shoes, an imitation panama hat protecting him from the blazing sun, lay at full length Professor Gale; by his side there lay a leather-bound volume, and across its dark binding there shone in the sunlight golden letters which spelt "The Idylls of the King."

After a while the Professor sat up, opened the book and read. Half-an-hour passed, and then another.

He still read on.

Time is measured by thoughts, not hours, in those long, sweet days of summer. No sound fell on the Professor's ear but the low murmur of the waves on the sand far beneath, and no shadows fell on his eyes save those of the courteous knights and gracious ladies of whom he read.

The Professor came to the end of a page, and as he turned over to the next he paused and looked up out over the sea.

For a time he gazed vacantly at the gulls.

Then sharply his brows contracted.

"Oh, I'm a fool," he said, "a big fool. This—this—*drivel!*"—he shut the book quickly. "And yet—her eyes, blue eyes—blue eyes, blue—or were they brown?—brown eyes? No, they were certainly blue; yes, I think they were certainly. . . ."

He jumped up from the grass and began walking quickly along the cliff.

"Oh, you fool, you silly old fool," he muttered, "all your work abandoned, your promises broken, the habits of years forgotten; all, all because of a pair of pretty eyes. Yes, that's all, nothing behind them but an untidy, careless, impertinent girl. Peter Gale, Peter Gale, are you going mad? Don't be an idiot, man; forget about her. She's not the girl

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for you and you're not the man for her. She, a silly, unscientific girl; and you, a dry, dusty old . . . No, it's no good, you must go back to Oxbridge, back to work, back to—oh, *curse* that laboratory!"

As the Professor's thoughts ran on, his pace grew faster, and now, as he came round a jutting shoulder of the cliff, he saw lying on the turf at his feet some rugs and a book. Scarcely knowing what he did, he picked up the book and opened it at random. A letter fell from it face downwards on the grass. He picked it up to restore it, realising that he was a trespasser, but as his eye caught the address the Professor's lips set very hard—he was reading the self-same name that he had read a fortnight ago over the untidy bench:

Miss Jessie Grace.

For several seconds he stood very still with the letter in his hand. Then he put it down with the book, and, sitting near the rugs, he waited.

He managed to get up, and, hat in hand, he said: "How do you do, Miss Grace?"

He would go back to Oxbridge; that he had settled, but before he went he had something to say to someone.

The Professor had not long to wait.

Miss Grace had been for a short stroll along the cliff, and was a little surprised as she came back to see a stranger sitting by her rugs. The Professor heard her step. His first impulse was to get up and walk away; then one after another a confused crowd of emotions came surging up into his consciousness.

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He managed to get up, and, hat in hand, he said: "How do you do, Miss Grace? I'm afraid you hardly expected to see your troublesome Professor down in this beautiful country."

The lady did not look as though she had expected to see him; indeed, she seemed not a little confused. But after the usual orthodox exchange of courtesies, the conventionality of which impressed the Professor as harmonising very poorly with his recent meditations, the two walked on together towards the village where Miss Grace was staying with her mother and sister.

Now, when Professor Gale had sat down beside the rugs he had fully determined to propose to Miss Grace as soon as she came back, and then, with the satisfaction of hearing her refuse him definitely and finally, go back to Oxbridge and try to drown his sorrows in work. But as they walked and talked together her society seemed a very sweet and pleasant thing to him not lightly to be abandoned, and his resolutions one by one gave way and were dismissed or forgotten, till, as he told himself, there should be a more convenient season.

And that night, when he walked back some three miles alone to his hotel, the sound of her laughter still ringing in his ears, and the vision of her graciousness still dancing in his eyes, his only thought, weak though it may seem, was how he might most quickly see her again, and again walk at her side over those sunny, sea-girt cliffs.

IV.

The days that followed were very happy ones for Professor Gale. It was but natural that he should find his way again to the place where he had first seen Miss Grace; indeed, it barely occurred to him to walk in any other direction; and there as often as not he found her. Many were the long walks and talks they had together. For, curiously enough, as the Professor got to know Miss Grace better, he greatly modified his former unfavourable verdict on her superficiality and lack of character. Nor, indeed, was this merely due to the proverbial blindness with which mankind is affected when stricken with the Professor's malady.

Miss Grace was rapidly proving herself an intelligent, thoughtful, sympathetic girl, a very different person, the Professor noted with some astonishment, from the gay and careless tom-boy he had so stupidly and unaccountably fallen in love with at Oxbridge.

The subject of chemistry he was careful to avoid. In fact, just at that time even to him Science and things scientific seemed dead and dull.

But in those days nothing surprised him very much. As they walked together in that sweet summer weather over those great cliffs, and the air, the sea, the sky, all seemed throbbing and pulsating with the blessedness and joy of living, the Professor felt a new manhood and a new vigour streaming along in his veins. The world had always been to him a very interesting place, and as he viewed it over his laboratory bottles he had mused on the poetry and romance of Nature and the inscrutability of her ways and laws.

But now all that seemed remote and even insignificant, and his favourite lecture phrases about "the majesty of the evolutionary march" and the like, came back to him as the dead leaves of an artificial and unreal pre-existence. He was tasting for the first time in his life the golden splendours which love has to reveal.

He never saw Miss Grace's mother or sister, nor did she ever speak of them to him, save in the little commonplace references which were natural under the circumstances of their companionship. And so the time went on until a full month had passed since the day when they first met.

One day they had rambled together further than usual, and were sitting looking westwards at the slowly setting sun. The Professor had produced a couple of apples from his pocket, and as they munched them they talked in a disjointed, careless fashion of the glories of the last few weeks.

Suddenly Miss Grace said: "By the way, we're going back to London tomorrow, Professor."

The Professor stopped munching, and looked at his companion. After a while he spoke.

"Oh," he said, "are you?"

Then there was a long silence; but the apple seemed to have lost its sweetness, and he gradually became conscious that there was a big, insistent thumping going on inside his chest. Presently they both got up and crossed to a low hedge which ran along the cliff edge. They leant on this, and watched the great, red, sinking sun. And then he stood up straight, and said very simply and quietly:

"I love you, Jessie."

The Professor had anticipated divers things when he should at last confess himself, but for what actually happened he was not prepared. For Miss Grace, without any reason or warning, covered her face with both hands and burst into a flood of tears.

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The Professor was dumfounded. Strange new emotions gripped him fiercely. "Don't," he said, "oh, *please* don't."

And then he heard, or thought he heard, the most wonderful thing of all that wonderful time, for Miss Grace between her sobs whispered rather than spoke: "But *I'm not Jessie.*"

This was more than he could bear. "Not Jessie!" he burst out, "not Jessie! Why, I saw your name on your bench, and then again in your book. You said it was *your* book—not Jessie! Then who are you?"

"I'm Joan—Jessie's sister—but don't, oh *don't* say I did very wrong, because it has been so lovely all this time, and—and—I love you, too——"

But the Professor stood still no more. For a moment it was a battle between the accurate, regular man of science, outraged by what seemed the strange perverseness of an inconsequent girl, and the man; the man with all his elemental emotions stirred to their depths by the sight of the woman he loved sobbing as though her heart would break.

But it was only for a moment, and before the red rim of the sun had vanished behind the sea, Peter Gale and Joan Grace had plighted their troth with all the old, old ritual that has ever hallowed that sweet worship, and ever will hallow it, so long as men are men, and women are women.

* * * * *

It was a long story that Joan had to tell. How she had seen the Professor once or twice at public lectures at the Royal Institution, and how she knew him at once when they met on the cliffs.

"And Jessie had told me about you, you know, and how you were supposed to hate women and all that; and I thought at first it would be such fun to try to make you like me, and then—and then—I began to like you, and I was so happy, and everything was so beautiful and . . . ."

But the story was never finished in words. Of course, he had to face the real Jessie—but with Joan by his side, and her sweet help, he felt he could face any ordeal. That night, as he shook hands with the three of them and said good-bye for the few short days till he should see them again, Jessie, her mischievous, laughing eyes looking just as they used to at Oxbridge, was saying: "After all, we *are* very much alike. We're twins, you see, and most people can only tell us apart by the colour of our eyes, for mine are brown and Joan's are blue."

Then, drawing herself up as she had often seen the Professor do when lecturing, "You see, Professor, this sort of phenomenon is generally known as a case of 'Colour Twins'!"

Professor Gale never felt quite at ease again when he lectured on the Theory of Colour, and Joan often wondered afterwards what he thought of her provoking little sister. One night, several months after this, when Professor and Mrs. Gale were back in Oxbridge, he was once again arranging overnight his morrow's lecture. And she sat in the laboratory with him, talking to him as he worked.

After a while he finished his experiments, and went and sat by her. They sat together, hand in hand, in the twilight a long time and neither spoke; but Joan noticed that her husband was apparently wrapped in deep contemplation of one of the student's benches across the laboratory.

Presently he bent over and kissed her. "Darling," he said, "I think your sister is a very charming and fascinating young lady."

To Joan it seemed a curiously inconsequent remark.

\+ \+ \+ \+ \+ \+

TIMES CHANGE.

'Twas getting near their wedding day,
His manly heart with true love beat.
Quoth he: "My pet, had I my way
I'd lay the whole world at thy feet!"

But that was many years ago,
And times have changed, as you'll allow;
Much eloquence has got to flow
To make him lay a *carpet* now.

Charles Vivian.

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THE PEACE-MAKER

The Story of a Lovers' Tiff, and a Reconciliation Brought About by a Younger Sister.

By Gertrude M. Foxe.

I may say that I have arrived at the age which mother describes as "awkward." She means that she can't drop my dresses to the ground because it's rather hard on Muriel, who's been out some time; and that while she dare not put the idea of flirtation into my head by forbidding me to associate with any of the opposite sex (who, of course, look upon me as a child!), she is on thorns every time a young man makes himself agreeable. I don't think she need trouble about putting ideas into my head.

Until next Christmas I must wear my frocks to my ankles and my hair in a plait, but that doesn't prevent me from enjoying myself! Mother says it's surprising how children blossom out into men and women before one knows it. I think it's more surprising still that persons pretending to wisdom, like parents, should be so ignorant of the development of their children's minds. Why, I've had two offers already!—and mother still thinks I am "simply wrapped up in my music and books!" However, I refused them, as my experience is that being engaged is not nearly so nice as it sounds. Not that I've ever been engaged. I would never let it go so far as that without mother's knowledge, but my eldest sister Muriel is engaged—and I am of an observant nature.

Before she was engaged, Muriel was a (mother always looks horrified when she has to use this word) flirt! Yes! nothing ruins a girl's chances of matrimony like flirting (this is mother), and we never thought dear Muriel would get engaged. In fact, we were in despair about her.

From my earliest years I have heard so much about flirting from the frequent disputes between mother and Muriel that I determined to find out for myself what it meant. I did. But this is beside the subject.

To return to Muriel.

She used to drag me about with her to play "gooseberry," and appease mother's sense of propriety—that's the way I learnt lots of things that are useful to know—and the chocolates I used to get—and the treats! But Harold is not nearly so lavish with his money.

I think Muriel ought to be able to write a book about the men who have made love to her. She used to burn a few dozen photographs and packets of letters every month or so and say: "There, I *am* glad to get rid of those! I'm *really* going to give up flirting now. I have often *thought* I was in love, but I've never felt like this before. I'm quite serious this time! I'll tell you what appeals to me so much in him, etc."

But in a short time she would be quite "serious" about someone else—generally

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someone ineligible, too. By the time she had reached twenty-five, and was still disengaged, the strain had almost ruined mother's health.

On her twenty-fifth birthday Muriel looked a little bit thoughtful, too. Then Harold came along. He isn't half bad, and he's got plenty of money. Mother was terribly anxious till she had pulled it through all right; then she came into my room and burst into tears of thankfulness.

I could not have believed a girl would change as Muriel did after she was engaged.

The first inkling I had of it was when she refused three invitations to dances on one morning.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Aren't you well?"

"Oh, yes," she said, with a kind of meek tenderness which made me want to slap her. "But, you see, Harold doesn't dance, and he doesn't like my going without him. I wouldn't do anything to displease him for worlds!"

"Rats!" I said, and had to endure a ten minutes' lecture from mother for using slang.

Then began a most wearisome time. I was nearly driven to elope with my drawing-master, who is so clever that mother has never guessed how nice he is or how firm a hand he requires to be kept over him. I fancy I keep him in order, though! I do wish he wasn't the sort of person everyone would pity me for marrying! But I have strayed from my subject again.

Harold used to come every morning to play tennis with Muriel—that is, they looked into one another's eyes and missed the balls, which I had to pick up. In the evening he either called to take her out, or monopolised the drawing-room with her. If you happened to go in with a discreet amount of noise, they would be found one at each end of the room; but the hostility of their glances as they watched out of the corners of their eyes, to see if you were going to stay or not, would strike a chill sense of discomfort to the warmest heart.

But there were times when I was actually intreated to go into the drawing-room, as, when Dolly Maitland invited herself to spend the evening. Then it was:

"Oh, Nita, *do* come in and play her accompaniments, there's a darling! It is *so* tiresome of her to come; and Harold can't *bear* her! I can't *possibly* inflict her upon him *all* the evening! What *are* you laughing at?"

I pulled my face straight (I wish I had a less expressive countenance).

"How dreadfully touchy you're getting!" I complained. "I suppose I can smile without upsetting you?"

"Of course!" said Muriel, who naturally

If you happened to go in with a discreet amount of noise, they would be found one at each end of the room.

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"I shan't come," he said fiercely, "while that confounded Captain's there!"

did not wish to offend me at this moment, but she still looked rather suspicious. The fact of the matter was that Harold's name had once, a long time ago, been coupled with Dolly's, and I knew that Muriel had no mind to give them an opportunity of renewing the friendship. So I played Dolly's accompaniments, looking over my shoulder to see what Harold and Muriel were doing, and when Dolly sang two bars in one, and mixed up the words, I knew she was doing the same. She stayed ever so late, making the excuse that she wanted to talk to Muriel after Harold had gone. He looked pretty sick, being afraid that he should have to hurry over his passionate parting. I heard them on the doorstep. It was tragic!

"Never mind, darling!" he said. "We must make up for it to-morrow!"

"That odious girl!" wailed Muriel. "Can you ever forgive me for letting her come! To think how we have wasted this evening!"

Young as I am, I have found out that it is never wise to attempt to suppress or alter anything in this world. If you let people go on doing things you don't like, they're sure to get tired of it sooner or later.

So it came to pass as I had expected, that Harold and Muriel began to brighten up when I came into the room. Directly I saw this I kept away from them as much as possible. Every day the look of boredom on their faces deepened, but they kept up the spooning bravely. I saw that Muriel was about as fond of Harold as she could be of anyone, or she would have thrown him over long ago, but the daily love-making was beginning to pall upon her—as it would on any sensible girl. At last the day came when I could see by Muriel's face that she must have some excitement or die! It chanced that Captain Ashford called in the morning, when we were out, and left a message to say he should be round in the evening. I saw Muriel straighten up and look pleased when she heard this, so I thought it advisable to tell Dolly Maitland, whom I met in the afternoon, that we were wondering when she was coming again.

"So good of you to miss me!" she said at once. "What about this evening? I should like to try over a few songs with you!"

So that was arranged. I like to see fair play!

Harold looked positively pleased when he

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saw Dolly, who arrived almost at the same moment as Captain Ashford. We had a most interesting evening. Mother nearly died of worry. Muriel carried on with the Captain, who hasn't a penny, and Harold turned over Dolly's music and arranged a game of tennis with her on the following day. Now and again he turned to Muriel with a "Didn't we, darling?"

"Yes, dearest," she would reply, dragging her thoughts away from the Captain with an evident effort. There was no doubt about the fact that they both enjoyed themselves immensely.

It was not until Muriel had come back from her walk with Captain Ashford the next day and had asked him to come in in the evening only to find that Harold had been playing tennis with Dolly and had not missed her; nor until Harold had arrived rather conscience-stricken in the evening to discover that Muriel was quite happy with Captain Ashford, that a cloud crept over the aspect of affairs.

"What about to-morrow morning?" asked Muriel at parting.

"Oh—" he stammered. "I—I'm awfully sorry, but I had arranged——"

"I was going to say that I had promised to go boating with Captain Ashford," said Muriel. "So pray don't let me deprive you of your game of tennis!"

"If you are going with Ashford, you won't want me," said Harold.

Muriel appeared to have enjoyed her day tremendously, but when on her return in the evening she met Dolly, with Harold carrying her racket, and realised that he had been playing with her all day, her laughter sounded a little forced.

She came to me soon after the Captain had gone, with a note in her hand.

"Nita!" she said. "Will you do something for me? It is still quite light and I don't want to send one of the maids—they talk so. Will you take this note for me to the Cedars?" That is where Harold and his mother live.

I took the note and felt something hard in it; then I saw that she had not her engagement ring on, after which I noted that she had been crying, but I pretended that I had seen nothing. I know I shouldn't like anyone to know if I were silly enough to let a man upset me.

"I'll take it," I said, and walked off with it.

"Just put it in the letter-box," she said; but I rang the bell and asked for Harold.

He came, looking very depressed.

I thought I'd test his feelings before I delivered the note.

"Hullo!" I said. "I thought you would have been up this evening. I wanted to ask you about Bruin. (That's my dog.) I think he's ill."

"I shan't come," he said fiercely, "while that confounded Captain's there! If she prefers him let her have him, but she shan't make a fool of me."

"She doesn't prefer him," I said.

The change that came over his face was almost touching.

"You're sure?" he asked eagerly. "You're her sister! *You* ought to know!"

"When she saw you with Dolly this evening she went home and cried!" I said briefly. "That ought to be enough for you!"

"Did she really? Poor little girl! She might have known. But, then, why did she flirt with the Captain?"

"I've brought a note from her," I mentioned. "But I shouldn't take any notice of it if I were you, considering what I've told you."

And he was sensible enough to take my advice.

Muriel flew out from her room when I returned.

"Have you brought an answer?" she cried, and I saw that she was pale and trembling.

"Oh, yes," I said patiently. "The answer's in the drawing-room. Don't keep him waiting!"

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THE SENSATION OF THE YEAR.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR, Author of "THE JUNGLE," will tell the Story of his Early Life and Struggles in . . .

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LIVING WELLS

The beautiful night-blooming cactus. By day almost repulsive, it expands into these lovely blossoms during the night.

The Desert's Natural Water-Supply.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

Hitherto most people have looked upon the cacti, those vegetable wonders of the desert, as plants to pause and gaze at, but of no intrinsic value. Those who love flowers or take any delight in horticulture, may even go to the trouble and expense of possessing a collection of cactus plants, because of their curious, oft-times grotesque, shapes and strange, beautiful flowers.

But few of us look upon the cactus as a plant possessing any commercial asset except, perhaps, to the flower dealer. True, we know that the American Indian regards the cactus as part and parcel of his existence, and that he derives his food and drink, or at least a portion of them, from the cactus of the desert.

The thorns furnish him with needles for sewing, the fibres with thread, while the fermented juice gives him his national drink, to accompany sweetmeats and confections manufactured from the fruit. The plant gives him also a part of his religion, for so holy is a certain variety considered that the pagan Indian bows down before it in adoration.

A giant cactus—the *cereus giganteus*. Comparison with the horseman will show the height of this variety.

To-day, out in the hot, dry, and weary plains of the Far West of America, the white man is farming the cactus. He is growing it as tenderly as wheat or barley. He has discovered the latent possibilities of the plant. It may be turned to a variety of purposes. The Yucca cactus, for instance, can be made into paper. The pulp of this plant will produce a paper cheaper, and of better quality, than that obtained with the ingredients generally employed.

The giant of the whole family is the *cereus*, or, to give the plant its full title, *cereus giganteus*. It is only to be found in the deserts of California,

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Arizona, and on the sandy plains of New Mexico.

It is doubtful if there is a more wonderful sight in Nature than a group of these weird-looking monsters, which stand like silent sentinels of the desert. They attain the great height of from 25 to 50 ft.

There is a record of one having grown to a height of 78 ft. Plants over 60 ft. in height are rare, and undoubtedly very old. Some scientists even go so far as to put down the age of some of them at two thousand years.

The maguey is a kind of cactus, and is cultivated in Central Mexico. Its middle leaves contain a liquid called "Honey-water," from which is made "Pulque," the Mexican national drink. The "Honey-water" is carried away in pigskins on the backs of donkeys.

The plant has been appropriately termed the "water barrel of the desert," on account of the fact that it retains within itself a slightly acrid, but not altogether unpalatable, liquid that is a fair substitute for water.

Nor is this by any means the only variety that stores water within its bark. Indeed, the greater majority of the cacti out on the deserts of the Far West are living water barrels. For this reason the plants are looked upon as the natural water supply for man and beast.

It is not always obtained without difficulty, however, for nearly all cacti are plentifully supplied with formidable thorns. They are of all sizes, some single, some double, and some forked like the branches of a tree. Some are easily detachable, while others are as hard to break off as a hickory branch.

The animals that live in the desert know how to get rid of the thorns. Rabbits, coyotes, rats, squirrels, chipmunks, owls, hawks, wrens, and quails carefully bite or pick away the thorns one by one until a sufficient space is cleared to enable the animal or bird to bite or peck through the tough skin and suck the water within.

Cattle and horses in the arid zones also understand

Two beautiful specimens of cactus blossom. Various medical preparations are made from these flowers.

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This formidable looking plant is a giant cactus of Arizona (*Echinus Cylindraceus*). It quite eclipses the man standing beside it.

the danger of heedless approach to a cactus, but the necessity for water has made them expert in ridding the plant of its terrors. A Mexican pony or steer will strip away even the smallest thorns from the side of a cactus with its hoof before it bites into the stem of the plant to suck up the juices.

A totally different plant is the maguey, or agave, which is extensively cultivated in the Central States of Mexico. It supplies the national drink, and is virtually the Mexican's brewer.

In appearance it may be likened to a good-sized bush, made up of a series of flat, armoured blades radiating from a central bulb. The inner leaves roll themselves into a conical shape, and it is in these that a liquid called "Honey-water" is found. It is extracted by making a cut in the leaf and then sucking the water up into a receptacle that looks for all the world like a pumpkin.

From this it is emptied into pigskins carried on the backs of donkeys, and conveyed to the plantation brewery, where it is placed in tanks to ferment. It is then ready for sale, and is known throughout Mexico as Pulque. To the stranger it is anything but an appetising drink. Its smell is decidedly offensive, and it looks like dirty, soapy water.

In addition to its varied utility the cactus is a flowering plant. Some produce a white flower, others a red, others purple and orange in various shades, while not a few give off a delicate fragrance.

Some specimens are much more generous than others, freely giving from fifty to seventy blooms in a single season. Others only flower once, and then only for a few hours. Some, too, only blossom at night, and fade away at the first approach of daylight.

An interesting flowering specimen is the night-blooming cactus. I have seen a single plant with no fewer than forty-seven beautiful white blossoms. In its completeness the

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flower of the night-blooming cactus is one of the most beautiful things in Nature, and in its transition stages is probably one of the most interesting.

There are at first rather small and inconspicuous scales, gradually increasing in size and growing more numerous, crowding closely together to make the funnel-shaped flower, which is at first positively repulsive looking.

But those who are watching it know that the night is coming, when it will put off its ugliness and disclose the wondrous beauty of the perfected flower. Within it is ivory tinted with rose, and dozens of filmy stamens add to the exquisite loveliness of the blossom. It is deliciously sweet smelling.

Even the blooms of the cactus possess a commercial value. Various kinds of medical preparations are made from them. The famous night-blooming cactus, mentioned above, furnishes a drug bearing a strong resemblance in its effects to the well-known digitalis.

That the juices of the cacti are of medicinal value has been proved over and over again. It is an indisputable fact that diabetes and other kidney diseases are practically unknown among the Mexicans. Some scientific men have ascribed this to the drink of the cactus. At the present moment two professors of medicine, working under the direction of the United States Government, are testing the medicinal value of the cactus in a special laboratory in Mexico.

The common cactus of the deserts of the Far West is the prickly pear. There are no fewer than one hundred and fifty species of this variety. As its name implies, it is covered with numerous spines.

In some places it has been trained to form a hedge, and a very formidable one it makes. No human being or cattle could hope to penetrate through it. It is said that when the island of St. Christopher was divided between the French and English, a hedge of prickly pear was reckoned a sufficient boundary.

The terror of this particular species of cactus, like all other members of its family, is its thorns. These have now been eliminated, through the patient industry of Mr. Luther Burbank, known throughout America as the "horticultural wizard."

Not only has he killed all the thorns in this plant, but improved its fruit, and also its flower, for it is a flowering variety.

It took him ten years to accomplish this feat.

A hedge of cactus plants. This variety is known as "organ cactus," from its resemblance to organ pipes. As in the preceding pictures, the men are quite small in comparison with the cacti.

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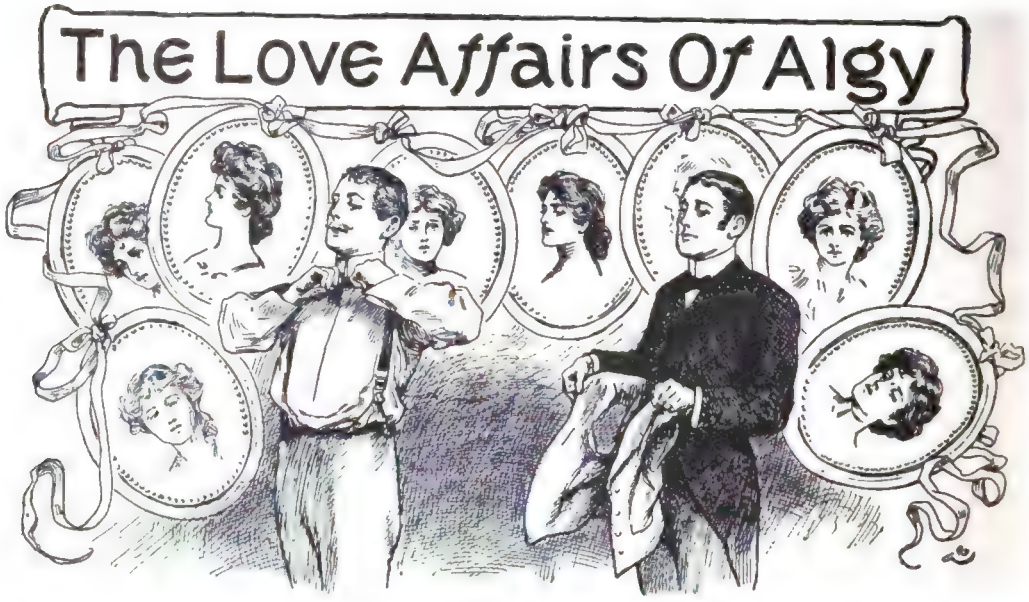

This is the Third of a Series of Stories, Each Complete in Itself, Describing the Flirtations of the Hon. Algernon Marmaduke Brightlingsea.

III.—HIS SEPTEMBER GIRL, OR THE ADVENTURE WITH THE AMAZON.

By Marcus Woodward.

"Poor fellow! I hope he's not much hurt!"

When Algy's scattered wits returned to him at the sound of the voice, he became aware that his head was resting on somebody's lap. And the lap, he perceived, was not the lap of his little friend, fourteen-year old Violet, with whom he had been riding on the Downs when the grey mare had taken the bit in her teeth, charged with him wildly into a plantation, and thrown him on leaping at a hedge. For Violet had worn a smooth, blue riding-habit; and the stuff beneath him was rough, homespun tweed. So much he could see through half-opened eyes. On whose lap, then, did he rest? Algy lay quite still and wondered.

"He's good-looking—wears an eye-glass—seems a trifle supercilious—and is a bit of a dandy! H'm. Diamonds in his sleeve-links—family heirloom for a tie-pin—seals with armorial bearings on his watch-chain; quite a swell! Probably he feels more at home in a London drawing-room than in the saddle on Colonel Innes' grey mare; he certainly came a terrible cropper!"

Algy was conscious of a face close to his, of an earnest scrutiny at close quarters. The voice was pleasing; he hoped, by lying quite still a little longer, to hear further comments on his personality. Various murmured fragments of speech reached him.

"I like his riding boots. . . His gloves certainly fit to perfection. . . Wish I had a flask with me—but his colour's coming back fast now. . . If he goes out with the guns to-morrow, he will have a good excuse for his misses—and I doubt if he can shoot up to the Colonel's standard, unless the eye-glass is for show only! . . Oh!—his eyelids moved!"

They moved and opened. Algy could resist no longer, and turned his head to see into whose fair hands he had fallen. His look encountered two charming eyes of blue, humorously twinkling; and he became aware that his head was resting on the lap of a young and decidedly pretty sportswoman, in a shooting costume of rough tweed, trimmed with leather, with gun beside her. Algy remembered that it was the first of September, as he closed his eyes and again feigned unconsciousness.

"There! He's swooned off again! Whatever shall I do?"

The despair in the voice was so obvious,

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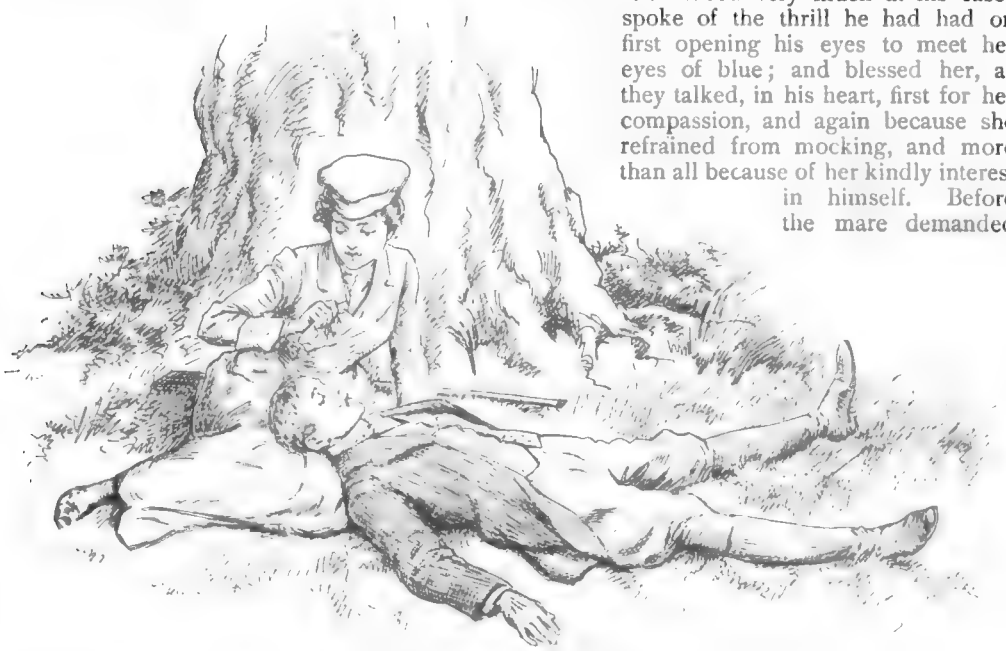
that Algy could act no longer. He raised his head and sat upright.

"It's—it's all right," he said, feeling somewhat embarrassed, and stuttering in consequence. "I'm not in the least hurt, don't you know—and—and—er—I—aw—I trust I haven't frightened you?"

He adjusted his eye-glass, and felt his confidence returning with the act.

"But you *have* frightened me—very much. First I thought you meant to kill me—then I thought you had killed yourself. Yes, you certainly gave me a good fright," and the girl laughed in her relief at Algy's recovery, and rose to her feet.



"There! He's swooned off again! Whatever shall I do?"

Algy rose also, and stepped, somewhat shakily, to a convenient stile for support.

"I'm awfully sorry if I alarmed you," he said. "The fact is, don't you know, the mare got the bit in her teeth, and there was no holding her."

"So I perceived as I was sitting quietly on this stile, and you came charging down on me. And I had barely time to scramble out of the way when you came hurtling through the air and fell on your head at my feet. I thought your neck was broken."

"I'm delighted to have been spared to make my apologies. And pray let me express my deepest thanks—to—my—er—aw—my guardian angel."

"Guardian angel? No, indeed! I only picked up your head to make sure it wasn't cracked."

"It was very k-k-kind of you," said Algy.

"And I caught your horse, too—she's tied to the fence."

"How can I ever thank you? My guardian angel you are indeed!"

They laughed over the adventure, leaning against the stile, and Algy was soon vowing that he would willingly half break his neck every day of the week, provided he always fell into such good hands. His companion inspired sparkling talk—quite unusual to Algy on making a new acquaintance. He felt indeed very much at his ease: spoke of the thrill he had had on first opening his eyes to meet her eyes of blue; and blessed her, as they talked, in his heart, first for her compassion, and again because she refrained from mocking, and more than all because of her kindly interest in himself. Before the mare demanded his attention, by rebelling against the ignominy of being tied to a fence, Algy flattered himself that he had made an impression.

He inquired, patting the mare's head, how far distant was Broadwood (Colonel Innes' country house, where he was staying), and learnt that the Colonel's property practically adjoined the estate into which he had trespassed. A strip of downland, separating two preserves, was pointed out as containing somewhere a boundary line, much in dispute; and the little lesson in local topography that followed led naturally to mutual introductions. They were marred somewhat by the restless fidgeting on the part of the mare, who saw no cause for prolonging the con-

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versation, but Algy was able to catch the name, "Mary Cochrane," in return for his own. One more attempt to delay the moment of parting by expressing his pleasure at the meeting proved so exasperating to the mare that Algy, against his will, was forced to the saddle.

"Good-bye," said Miss Cochrane. "I hope you'll be none the worse for your spill."

"Good-bye, and thank you," said Algy, bowing as best he might while the restless little steed plunged for freedom. "I shall never forget your k-k-kindness."

Next minute, the air was whistling past his ears as the mare sprang away, and, when he turned for a final bow, Miss Cochrane had disappeared within the wood.

Over the crest of the hill Algy espied the fat form of Violet Innes' pony, whose rider hailed him with delight and a shower of questions.

"I've been waiting about for you for a good hour," she protested. "Where in the world have you been?"

"I've had an adventure," said Algy, and told some part of his story. Violet listened in open-mouthed amazement to such an embroidered tale of adventure and love as she had never heard in all her fourteen years; how Algy had been carried by his runaway steed into the heart of the wood; how he had met there a lady, beautiful beyond compare; how he had fallen straightway in love with her, and she with him—with much raving of her ravishing beauty and her matchless wit—a rhapsody that received flattering attention until he chanced to mention the name of his enchanter.

"Miss Cochrane," he had said, "is henceforward the one and only girl in the world for me—saving your presence, Violet."

To which Violet rejoined: "You are talking stuff and nonsense, Algy; for everybody knows there is no more objectionable creature on the face of the earth than Miss Cochrane—commonly called 'The Amazon.'"

* * * * *

When Algy, at tea-time, entered the drawing-room at Broadwood — whither Violet had preceded him—it appeared to him that the entire company grouped around the tea-table had taken leave of its senses. For he had barely closed the door behind him when such a hubbub of satirical cheering rose to greet him that he could only stand stock-still in wide-eyed astonishment.

"See the conquering hero comes!"

One thumped the tune on the piano, and all shouted the words. Then the Colonel, springing to a chair, cried in his stentorian tones: "Hail to thee, great Algernon—intrepid wooer of Amazons!"—and called, amid roars of laughter, for three cheers, which made the roof ring. They drank his health in tea, coupled with the name of Miss Cochrane, and a storm of banter and questions descended upon his bewildered head.

"When's the wedding, old man?" "What secret arts did you employ to win over the man-hater?" "Algy deserves a monument." "With the inscription," someone suggested, "'*To the only man at whom the Amazon didn't show her teeth*!'" So the banter went, leaving Algy (astounded to find himself the hero of the moment), gasping in astonishment.

Presently the Colonel rapped on the table for silence, and demanded that Algy should tell his story.

"R-r-really—" stuttered Algy, "there's no s-s-story to tell."

"Oh, come now, you've met the Amazon, and that's a story in itself." The Colonel spoke encouragingly, as it were to a slow-witted witness before the magistrates.

"If you mean Miss Cochrane," said Algy——

"Miss Cochrane *is* the Amazon."

"Well," said Algy, "Amazon or no Amazon, Miss Cochrane is a very charming person." At which declaration the room rang again with laughter.

Algy protested that he saw no joke. Anyone not blind, he said, could not fail to perceive that Miss Cochrane was charming. There was some mistake somewhere—and he appealed for light on his darkness. The Colonel volunteered an explanation.

Miss Cochrane (Algy gathered to his astonishment from the Colonel's explosive account of the lady, who appeared to be no friend of his), Miss Cochrane was a famous traveler and lion-killer, who was equally notorious for her hatred of men. "Most eccentric character," said the Colonel. "Owns the adjoining property to mine, and we live at daggers drawn over a disputed boundary line." If anyone from Broadwood set foot in the Copsley woods Miss Cochrane or her gamekeepers would make it extremely unpleasant for the trespasser. "The Amazon," said the Colonel, "has a way of her own with trespassers, and," he added grimly, "it's not a pleasant way." Her woods, it

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appeared, were full of game, for she lived for shooting. "And now, sir," concluded the Colonel, as though addressing a prisoner on his trial, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"I have only to say," said Algy, "it is quite clear that your Miss Cochrane—your Amazon woman—is a very different person from *my* Miss Cochrane."

"Impossible," said the Colonel. "Who has ever heard of a second Miss Cochrane?"

The company was unanimous in its opinion that only one Miss Cochrane was known to exist; which was fortunate, said someone, for humanity. Algy's idea was laughed out of court; and, indeed, he lost faith in it himself when he learnt that the Amazon was notorious for her youthful appearance, due, no doubt, to the outdoor life she had always led. He declared that on the morrow he would pay a call at Copsley, and get to the bottom of the matter.

"You won't find her at home," said the Colonel. "She is never at home to anyone."

"I think she will receive *me*," said Algy.

"Anyway," said the Colonel, "you had better look for her in the woods. She is certain to be shooting; she was shooting this afternoon."

"Yes," said Algy. "She was carrying a gun when I met her."

"And do you seriously tell us," persisted the Colonel, "that you found her charming?"

"I do—seriously," said Algy; "she was charming to me throughout our interview."

"They were talking for at least an hour," said Violet.

"Surely," said the Colonel, "when she first saw you she leveled her gun at your head and said: '*Sir—you are trespassing. Right-about turn! Quick march!*'"

"Nothing of the sort," said Algy. "Why should she?"

The Colonel declared this to be her usual greeting for trespassers. He was confident the Amazon would have treated him in that way, and he would think himself lucky if she didn't pull the trigger. "Why, sir," he thundered, "when some of my guests have innocently wandered into her grounds, she has fired point-blank at their leggings! And you say you like her!"

Algy made no answer—he was thinking that probably no guest of the Colonel's had ever before been shot off a runaway horse at the Amazon's feet. Doubtless his unconventional introduction had softened her heart towards him. "Anyway," thought Algy, "now that Miss Cochrane does know me, I am perfectly certain she would treat me just as kindly as before if she were to see me again." He said as much to the Colonel, who laughed the idea to scorn.

The meeting with the Amazon remained the one topic of conversation throughout the evening. Many strange stories were told of the eccentric sportswoman, but nothing shook Algy's faith in his conquest of her heart. At dinner the subject was still to the fore; later, it cropped up between the hands of bridge, and rose again in the billiard-room when the ladies had retired. Late that night the Colonel sought out Algy to make a proposition.

"I've been thinking," he said, "I should like to make a bet with you. Don't approve of betting in the ordinary way, but this is quite an exceptional affair. I wager a hundred pounds to a five-pound note that you don't kiss the Amazon if you meet her to-morrow."

Algy hesitated only a moment before he said: "D—d—done!"

* * * * *

Next morning the Colonel, with Algy and four or five other guns, fired the opening shots of the season, shooting over the outlying fields and covers. Several ladies joined the party at lunch. The little hut in which the meal was spread was pleasantly situated on the outskirts of that wood of the Colonel's which was divided only by a strip of downland from Miss Cochrane's preserves—whence came the sound of frequent shots.

"The Amazon's on the warpath to-day, sure enough," said the Colonel. "Algy, my boy, how are you feeling?" and his resounding pat on the back sent Algy's eye-glass flying.

Algy declared that he had never looked forward to anything more than to trespassing again in the Copsley woods. Directly lunch was ended, he said, he would set about the quest of Miss Cochrane. He was in high spirits; he had proposed a toast to "the fair Amazon," in which he did not forget to dwell upon her blue eyes; and his confidence in the good time that was in store for him was so palpable, that those who knew Miss Cochrane, and knew also the keenness of Algy's eye for a pretty face, marveled at the way he stuck to his guns.

True, a rumour had spread that morning among those of the house party who had stayed at home, to the effect that Algy and the Amazon were old acquaintances. Violet it was who had made the suggestion, and it

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"Get up!"

seemed to account very plausibly for an infatuation, otherwise inexplicable. But, when the suggestion was put to Algy, his emphatic denial left no room for doubt.

"But," he said, "though I never set eyes on her before, I am sure we both felt old friends, don't you know, before we parted."

"If you felt like that," said the Colonel, "I begin to think I may lose my bet. I shall be truly glad if you win, Algy—tame that shrew, and I'm your friend for life."

Luncheon ended, Algy, at about three in afternoon, left the party to cross the boundary between the two estates, and to enter Miss Cochrane's wood. His self-confidence was so inspiring, his bearing so unusually at ease, that more than one of those who watched his departure began to wonder whether, after all, the Amazon might not have some charms that had escaped notice.

Algy, for his part, had long ago come to the conclusion that the boundary dispute lay at the bottom of the Colonel's lack of appreciation of her whom he called to himself his guardian angel. "This standing quarrel," he argued, "has jaundiced the eyes of everyone at Broadwood. Miss Cochrane may shoot lions, but that's no reason why she should not be charming. She may have a quarrel with the Colonel, but that's no reason why she should be odious. Ten to one she's in the right all the time."

With such reflections, he entered the Copsley woods, and aimed for the direction whence he had last heard the sound of shooting.

A little path led him on towards the centre of the wood—ran at right angles across the ride up which he had been borne on the back of the grey mare twenty-four hours before—and emerged at length in an extensive clearing. Algy paused here to consider his ways; then, not twenty paces distant, he saw a sight that made his heart beat high.

Seated on a felled tree-trunk, leaning back against a convenient pile of faggots, was a lady, with a gun across her knees, her back towards him. Algy could see that she was clad in a tweed shooting costume, with leather trimmings. She appeared to be asleep—or day-dreaming; the afternoon was hot, and the sun blazed down upon her. One arm was thrown behind her along the tree-trunk, the hand drooping.

Algy stood a moment, entranced at the vision, and thanked the stars for the golden opportunity thus given him. Then he strode swiftly to the tree-trunk. The figure remained motionless. He drew in his breath, hesitated, then—falling on his knees—took the drooping hand in his, and raised it to his lips.

"My guardian angel," he whispered softly—but no more.

The lady stirred, awoke, turned her head towards him—and the face revealed was a face which Algy had never before seen. It was a face, young and fresh-looking, in truth, but tanned and weather-beaten, and stern as the face of an outraged goddess. Algy knelt, petrified with mingled horror and astonishment. The lady rose, standing at immense height, with a bearing like an Amazon's indeed—and she stared coldly down on the pitiful figure kneeling before her.

"Who are you?"

Her words were rapped out like pistol-shots. Algy's power of speech had deserted him, and he had no reply to give.

"Where do you come from?"

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Her gun, held lightly in her hands, pointed directly at Algy's head. He tried to speak, but still no words came.

"Do you come from Broadwood?"

Algy bowed his head in answer.

"I knew it—only one of Colonel Innes' friends would behave as you have done. Get up!"

He scrambled shamefacedly to his feet, and in so doing found some semblance of a voice.

"M—m—madam, let me explain," he began. "A most unfortunate mistake led me to suppose——"

"Sir, you are trespassing. Right-about turn!"

The words of command cut cleanly into his halting speech like the flash of a sword through the body of a wriggling worm. Algy found himself looking down two glittering gun-barrels.

"Right-about turn," came the command again, "and quick march!"

Algy saw there was nothing for it but to obey. Through his mind, as he turned and marched, flashed some of the stories he had heard of the Amazon's revenges on trespassers. Twice he tried to reason, to explain—but the tall figure striding behind him, with her gun at his head, cut him short with a "Silence, sir," so peremptory that it shot his speech dead. Like a prisoner of war, he retraced his steps along the path he had trod so lightly a few minutes earlier—back to the edge of the cover.

On the far side of the strip of open land that separated the Copsley woods from the Colonel's estate the shooting party was still in evidence, grouped before the hut. Algy involuntarily slackened his pace at the sight.

"Please go on," said a cold voice behind him. "I accompany you as far as the boundary line. Colonel Innes I see in the distance; I shall make a personal report of your conduct. Continue straight ahead."

The stern voice sent cold shivers down Algy's spine. He thought once of turning suddenly, seizing the gun barrels, and resisting that savage creature behind him; but thought better of it when he remembered the stories he had heard of her prowess. So, without more ado, he proceeded on to the open ground, into the full view of his friends.

At about halfway between the two woods, a word of command from behind brought him to a standstill.

"The Colonel, I see, is coming to meet us; we will await him," said Miss Cochrane, "on the boundary."

The Colonel hurried to the spot where his guest stood in ignominy before the gun-barrels—the Amazon's prisoner. Miss Cochrane cut short an indignant volley of protest.

"This young man, Colonel Innes," she said, "not only trespassed in my woods, he had the audacity — the consummate audacity——"

"What!" roared the Colonel. "You don't say, madam, he had the audacity *to kiss* you?"

"He did," said Miss Cochrane shortly. "Kindly take charge of the lunatic. Good afternoon."

And the Amazon swung on her heels, and, with mighty strides, returned whither she had come.

"You heard her, Colonel," said Algy. "I've won the bet."

* * * * *

Among Algy's letters next morning was the following note, written in girlish hand:

DEAR MR. BRIGHTLINGSEA,

I fear unwittingly I may have been the cause of the perfectly horrid way in which my cousin treated you this afternoon. I felt I must send you these lines to say how sorry I am about it; and for not having warned you about my cousin's eccentric ideas about trespassers, etc.

I hope you are none the worse for them, or for your accident.

Sincerely yours,

MARY COCHRANE.

P.S.—Unfortunately for me I mentioned to my cousin that I had met you. In consequence, I am asked to leave Copsley by the first train to-morrow. Don't trespass again!

M. C.

The note joined the company of many another curious memento of the affairs of Algy.

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"MIRANDA."

By . . .
STUART .
WISHING.

I

A year ago Miranda.
  Was but a country lass,
Unknown to fame; but lately
  Strange things have come to pass.
A year ago no journal
  Took count of her address;
But now, she is the mainstay
  Of all the London Press.

II.

"Miranda goes to Ascot"—
  "Miranda's newest gown"—
"Miranda's in the country"—
  "Miranda's back in town"—
"Miranda's latest hobby—
  (Exclusive to the *Star*)
The very latest photo—
  Miranda in her car!"

III.

You ask, who *is* Miranda?
  Why all this frenzied talk;
Why chronicle her movements—
  Her dress—her speech—her walk?
Is she a radiant being
  Fresh from another sphere?
How has Miranda captured
  The British Public's ear?

IV.

Well—go, and see her acting:
  It makes no sort of odds
Whether you pay a guinea
  Or sit among the "gods."
One thing is fixed and certain,
  That when Miranda's billed,
Her manager is beaming,
  For all the house is filled.

V.

From entrance unto exit
  She holds them in her thrall—
The gallery-boy, enraptured—
  The club-man in his stall:
The boxes nod approval—
  The circles and the pit
Are hushed in happy silence—
  Miranda's made a hit!

VI.

She sings a simple ditty—
  A foolish thing, no doubt—
It has the classic title
  Of "When the Brussels Sprout":
And for that single reason
  (No other, and no less)
Miranda is the fashion—
  Miranda's a success.

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Some Experiences of a Bioscope Man.

His Dangers, his Difficulties, and his Triumphs.

By J. Mackenzie.

Among my earliest achievements with the bioscope, I recollect, was the series of pictures illustrating the discharge of a battery of eight 40-pounder Armstrong guns. These were taken from in front of the guns, and conveyed to the spectator in most realistic style the effect of "the cannon's opening roar." I doubt, however, if even the most imaginative amongst the enthusiastic audiences which have applauded that scene can ever have guessed the full effect produced in reality by the firing of the battery. Anyone who has witnessed the discharge of heavy ordnance has been aware, even from behind the firing-point, of the shock which is caused by the sudden displacement of air. Imagine what that shock feels like *in front!* I am inclined to think that had I appreciated what lay before me, I should have shirked that experience.

Blank cartridges having been served out to the gunners, I set up my machine in front of the battery at a distance of between twenty and thirty yards from the guns. Eight ugly muzzles were pointed threateningly at me as I made my preparations, and I confess my sensations were uncomfortable. I was in no way prepared, however, for the tremendous shock which was to follow. At the word "Fire!" followed on the instant by the deafening roar of the discharge, I was almost knocked senseless. The terrific displacement of air hit me in the chest like a battering-ram—there is no other way of describing it—and for the moment I was convinced I had been shot!

Fortunately, I managed to keep my feet, though dazed and half-stunned, and, clinging to the tripod of the machine, managed to go on turning the wheel which revolves the strip of film, until the smoke cleared and the picture was complete.

A somewhat similar experience happened to me when "bioscoping" the Seaforth Highlanders at manœuvres. That was before the South African War, and many of the men who are visible in the picture were amongst the poor fellows who died at Magersfontein. The manœuvres were especially arranged by the kindness of the commanding officer for my benefit, and consisted, so to speak, of an attack upon the bioscope. That is to say, the picture, when reproduced upon the screen, shows a company of Highlanders advancing to an attack, as it seems, upon the spectators.

First, the soldiers are seen approaching in the distance. Cover is taken, volleys are fired. Then the advance is resumed, the figures looming larger and larger as they draw nearer. Again there is a halt, with more firing; till, at the officer's signal, the men leap to their feet and rush wildly forward, flinging themselves down at the last moment and firing a volley point-blank into the audience.

To secure this picture, I was obliged to stand my ground, the objective of the

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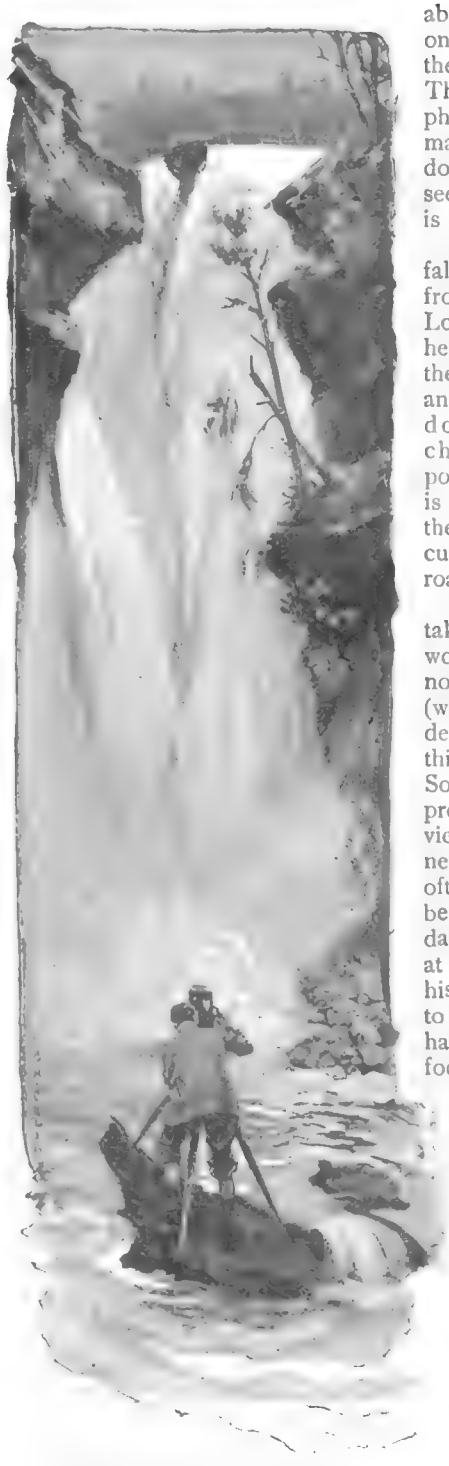
attacking force, during the whole of the advance, and when the shooting took place, I had the happiness of knowing that the whole of the fire was concentrated upon me and my machine.

I am not naturally nervous or fidgety, but I confess that a horrid fear was continually present in my mind lest, by some evil chance, a little ball ammunition might have been served out with the blank cartridges. When the final volley took place, the firing-line was a matter of a few *feet* from the machine, and though the shock of the discharge from these small-arms was not to be compared with the stunning cataclysm which followed the explosion of the battery of artillery, the sensation was in no sense a pleasant one.

A point in regard to animated photography, which can be appreciated only by those initiated into the practice of it, is the necessity in many cases of taking your picture *from a special standpoint*.

Pictures with remarkable effects which never fail, when shown, to "bring down the house," have generally been obtained from a point of vantage either inaccessible to the average individual, or to be reached only under conditions of such danger or discomfort as do not invite the ordinary spectator.

I once secured a singularly striking picture of some falls in the Highlands under such conditions. Having been lowered by ropes to the foot of the cascade, I was able to settle my machine on a rock in the midst of the swirling stream below. The effect, as seen in the photograph, of the great mass of water pouring down right on top, as it seems, of the spectator, is terrific.



I was able to settle my machine on a rock in the midst of the swirling stream below.

In most cases, waterfalls are viewed by visitors from a midway position. Looking up, they see the head of the cascade, where the stream tumbles over and descends. Looking down, they see the churned and foaming pool into which the flood is poured. In front of them is the glistening curtain of water, eternally roaring on its way.

Now a bioscope picture taken from this standpoint would be pretty — and nothing more. The public (which is exacting in its demands) would see nothing remarkable in it. So the bioscopist must present in his picture a view such as the public never gets for itself. Very often he descends to the bed of the waterfall, dangling over a precipice at the end of a rope, with his precious machine (not to mention his life) in his hands, and seeking a foothold on some ledge, where he can find temporary lodgment while he exposes his films, and records a wonderful impression of the thunderous torrent impending overhead.

Wave pictures, again, which are no less effective than waterfalls, have to be obtained under conditions very different from those which the spectator imagines.

It must be borne

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in mind that the eye of the camera has a vision peculiarly its own. The bioscopist has to learn to consider a scene which he wishes to photograph not as it appears to him, but as it appears to his machine.

It is generally supposed that the bioscope is an ordinary camera, so adapted and equipped as to make possible the exposure of a number of negatives in rapid succession. It is imagined that in other respects the bioscopist stands in much the same relation to the scene he is recording as the ordinary photographer.

This is a complete fallacy. One cardinal rule which the bioscopist must always bear in mind, is the necessity of his being *close to his object*. The nearer the scene the better the picture is an axiom in animated photography; the reason for this being found in the special close-range lenses which have to be used for this class of work. The result of the short focus is a very great diminution of perspective. The figure of a man, for instance, bioscoped at a range of only 100 feet would not occupy, in the enlarged picture, more than one-tenth of the size necessary for its effective display.

The machine was wrenched out of my grasp.

Consequently, in the case of wave pictures, a breaker on the rocks, if bioscoped from an ordinary safe standpoint, would be quite ineffective.

The picture, as seen by the short focus lens of the bioscope, would probably consist of a huge mass of rocks in the foreground, with an insignificant little wave—hardly visible—slopping over them.

To obtain a proper result the photograph must be taken, as already explained, at close quarters, probably at the extreme end of a promontory, or jetty, running into the sea.

With care and experience, the most tremendous breakers can thus be secured from start to finish—the oncoming swell, the crested wall of water, and the drenching foam and spray scattered as it topples over and dashes up the beach. So realistic is one wave picture which I was fortunate enough to secure a short while ago, that at a children's party where it was exhibited an elder girl, carried away by excitement at the critical moment, sprang out of her chair and caught hold of a wee mite, who had toddled in front of the screen, with the breathless cry of: "Come back, you'll get wet!"

She little thought how significant her impromptu exclamation was. The monstrous wave which had seemed, on the screen, to be about to burst upon the assembled company in the drawing-room, did in actual fact engulf the unfortunate photographer who had had to face the real thing.

I took this picture in Madeira, where I settled my machine, with the aid of a couple of Portuguese, on a long, narrow strip of rock, which jutted out into the sea. My companions were instructed to give word when their experienced eyes detected a big breaker coming. Several minor waves went by unheeded. Then came a leviathan.

"Big wave! Big wave!" cried the yellow-skinned lads, and took to their heels.

I held my ground, and as the gigantic swell came rolling up, exposed the film and commenced turning the handle. In an instant, a huge wall of water was towering over me, leaning inwards. The next moment it broke and fell. Before I could realise what had happened, the machine was wrenched out of my grasp, my legs were swept from under me, and I was flung, gasping and choking, high up on the beach.

Luckily the machine, which I made haste to rescue, had suffered no interior damage, being strongly made and water-tight, though it bears the marks of the battering it received to this day. The film was intact and a finer wave-picture one could hardly wish for.

But no better illustration could be found, I think, of the discomforts which the bioscopist must endure in his pursuit of striking subjects, than the pictures I had the privilege of taking (many of my readers have doubtless seen them in that magnificent series of Urbanora pictures, "The Romance of the Railway") at the Crewe Steel Mills. Of these pictures

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the most sensational is perhaps that in which the stream of molten metal is seen descending, a glowing cascade, into a thirty-ton ladle below, amidst a pyrotechnic shower of imponderable fiery atoms. To secure this curious and remarkable picture, the machine had to be placed beside the ladle and in close proximity to the falling stream of red-hot metal.

Words fail me entirely to describe the awful heat which had to be endured. My whole body felt as if shriveled and charred to a cinder, and it seemed as though my eyes, guard them as I would, were being slowly and malignantly seared in their sockets. No mediæval artist, imagining with grotesque pencil the fiery tortures of Purgatory, ever drew agony worse than I endured for a few brief moments in that lurid pit of torment.

Scarcely less terrible, though only momentary, was the heat which had to be endured as the huge, glowing ingots of steel, which are seen in other pictures of the series, were carried past the bioscope, at a distance of only a few feet from the lens. Use, we are told, is everything, but how a foundry worker manages to exist under such appalling conditions is to me a source of never-ceasing wonderment. Clearly, I was not born to be a salamander!

Ingenuity, it will be plain from what I have already said, the bioscopist must have in order to devise the various expedients to which he is obliged frequently to resort in the pursuit of pictures. Another qualification, not less important, is the possession of steady nerves. The prime duty of a bioscopist may be summed up in the words "Keep on turning the handle." This sounds ludicrous, but its vital importance cannot be over-estimated. Having once commenced to turn the handle, by means of which the long strips of film are run through the machine, he must continue without a pause till the bitter end, or the picture is lost.

The slightest check, momentary even, spells failure, for the bioscope exposes sixteen negatives per second, and the shortest interruption, consequently, causes an irretrievable break in the continuity of the picture. The bioscopist's heart may be in his mouth, and his knees may be unstable as water—whatever happens, his hands must still steadily revolve the wheel of his machine.

In this connection I am reminded of what was probably the narrowest escape I ever experienced. The incident took place in the peaceful grounds of the Crystal Palace, where I was engaged in getting pictures of a great international cycling meet. One of the additional attractions that afternoon was a musical ride by the 21st Lancers, who finished up their performance, in compliance with a request which I made to their officer, with a full charge. Special instructions were given to the troopers to ride furiously down upon the bioscope, taking care to open out at the right moment, and gallop past on either side of the machine.

Well, all went well to start with. The charge was duly made, and a gallant sight the long line of Lancers make in the picture, as they come dashing down upon the spectator. It was somewhat trying to the nerves to stand still, and steadily turn the handle of the machine when right in the path of this thundering cavalcade; but, with a sublime faith in the horsemanship of the troopers, I stuck to my post with a beating heart. At the critical moment, however, when the line should have opened up to allow the men in the middle to swerve past me, no gap appeared in the serried row of lances! The pressure of the horses on either side was so great, as the whole line galloped down, shoulder to shoulder, that the men in the middle had not sufficient room to rein to right and left, and so clear me.

With a whirlwind rush, which nothing could have withstood, the glittering squadron was upon me. On either side, the stirrup-irons brushed by me, scarce a hairsbreadth away. But one trooper, close jammed by those on either side of him, was unable to swerve out of his direct path. Within a yard of me, as I stood at the machine, he reined in his horse, and so fierce was the wrench at the bridle (it had need to be!), that the animal was pulled back on to its haunches, with its forelegs in the air!

They say that in moments of imminent danger the incidents of a man's past life come rushing upon his mind. I cannot say that such was my experience. The only thought present with me was an overwhelming anxiety as to whether I was to be trampled under foot or not. But certainly my perceptions were intensified in the most remarkable way. Every detail of the scene was impressed with the most extraordinary vividness upon my brain, and to this day I can tell you the very colour of that horse's hoofs, how many nails were in its shoes, and which of them had the heads worn bright with friction.

The interesting point, however, is that throughout the whole affair (which lasted, of course, only a few moments) I did not cease turning the handle! I do not mention this

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Within a yard of me, as I stood at the machine, he reined in his horse.

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by way of boast, for I am free to confess that I flinched considerably, and the continued turning of the handle was very largely instinctive and unconscious.

A happy snapshot, reproduced in *Cycling*, which a friend of mine chanced to take just at the right moment, shows me crouching beneath the rearing horse, with my knees bent and my head ducked, but with my raised hand still faithfully revolving the wheel of the machine. As a result—the reward of valour!—I secured a picture which for sensationalism is hard to beat, though few of those who applaud the graphic realisation of the incident upon the screen are aware how nearly it had a tragic sequel.

Somewhat similar was the experience which fell to my lot when photographing a parade of Roumanian cavalry in Bucharest. In this case the horsemen were under the impression that the bioscope and its attendant were going to clear out of the way. But the bioscope man never clears out of the way. *J'y suis, j'y reste* is his motto. He sticks to his post like a modern Casabianca, though half an Army Corps come tearing down upon him. Consequently, it was not I, but the Roumanian troopers who had to get out of the way. Stretched at the gallop, the magnificent steeds—they are famed for their horses in Bucharest—swerved, and went by at a distance literally of feet only from the lens. By reaching out a hand I could have touched the heaving flanks. Result—another magnificent picture!

Promptitude, again, is a further qualification of the successful bioscopist, no less necessary than ingenuity and nerve. In illustration, a recent adventure which I met with in Funchal will serve.

There had been rumours of plague, and the authorities had popped into the lazaretto a number of suspected invalids. The people, indignant, had stormed the lazaretto, and released some score or so of the captives. Trouble was anticipated on the following day, and I had my machine set up in readiness in one of the principal thoroughfares. Here I secured a capital picture of the threatening mob which assembled, just before it was dispersed by the mounted police—a semi-military force. As the latter charged the crowd, I had the bioscope ready and obtained a second excellent picture.

But this time, in my determination to secure the best possible result, I encroached too far in the roadway. As the mounted men swept up the street, one on the extreme right collided with the machine. Over went the heavy tripod, knocking me down and rolling me over the cobblestones in the most summary manner. Bioscope machines, however, are purposely made of great strength to withstand such misadventures, and in a trice I had the thing on its legs once more—in the nick of time to obtain a capital view of the backs of the charging police and the *mêlée* with the crowd which followed, as the riders laid about them with the flats of their swords. Blood was up on both sides that day, and the riot was not quelled until one man had been killed by a stray shot.

Not infrequently I am questioned upon the taking of bioscope pictures at sea, and it is evident that here again a good deal of misconception exists in the public mind. It may be taken as an axiom that very seldom have any sea pictures been photographed from a ship—pictures, that is, of objects not actually on board the vessel in which the spectator is an apparent passenger. The reason is that to secure a satisfactory film, the bioscope *must* be steady. The human eye, when viewing an object from the shifting standpoint of a rolling ship, unconsciously adjusts itself to the motions of its vantage-ground. This the eye of the camera, of course, cannot do, with the result that in an animated photograph taken under these conditions the natural order of things appears to be reversed.

Such a picture as a steamboat pitching in heavy weather—a popular and very effective subject—is taken from the firm vantage point of a pier and not from a following boat, as is generally supposed. A moment's reflection will make it clear that a film exposed under the latter conditions (*i.e.*, with both boats rolling heavily and by no means in unison) would be lucky if it caught its object once in a hundred yards.

The only animated photographs which can be taken satisfactorily at sea are those in which the object is on board the same vessel as the bioscope. The motion then is of no consequence, since both camera and object are subject to the same oscillation.

On such terms as these I once secured a capital set of pictures showing the fishermen at work in the herring fleet off the Scotch coast. The conditions were not an ideal of comfort or ease, my seat being a flat board thrown upon the pile of fresh-caught herrings in the hold, over which I slid gracefully backwards and forwards as the smack rolled gently to and fro.

Of the adventures of a bioscope man abroad I could tell many a tale, were it not

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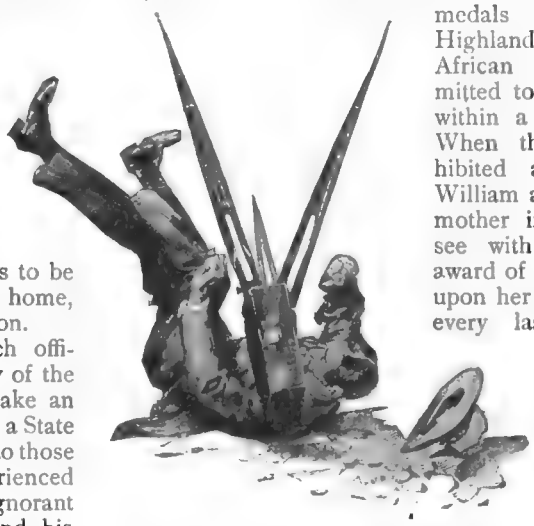
that I have already exceeded the limits of space allowed me. The difficulties which often beset the path of the ordinary photographer are more than doubled in the case of the bioscopist, for it is obviously impossible for him to take anything in the nature of surreptitious "snapshots." Also, in Eastern countries the camera is viewed, as is well known, with suspicion if not active hatred, and the prejudice is no less strong in that part of "Savage Europe"—the Balkans, the Caucasus, etc, which is embraced by the general title of the "Near East," through which, in the interests of "Urbanora," I made an extended tour recently in the company of Mr. Harry de Windt.

But if you ask me, in conclusion, what I consider the greatest of all obstacles that the cinematographist has to contend against, I reply that it is not the difficulty of choosing a spot on which to pitch his machine; not the perilous risks which sometimes he has to incur; not the antagonism of ignorant or savage people. In two words it is: red tape, and it is to be encountered chiefly at home, and especially in London.

The difficulties which officialdom sets in the way of the operator who would take an animated photograph of a State function are incredible to those who have not experienced them. Oblivious or ignorant of the fact that he and his small machine represent potential thousands of spectators (ratepayers, too, out of whose pockets the show is being paid for) who cannot be present themselves, but are none the less anxious to witness the scene later upon the bioscope screen, the luckless operator is pushed here and shoved there, a deaf ear being turned to all his explanations and expostulations. As I have explained, there are only certain positions from which a cinematograph of any kind can be effectively used to record, say, a Royal procession. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, when such a position has been secured, an intolerant official not only demands that it shall be vacated (for no good reason on his side) but refuses point-blank to listen to the perfectly reasonable explanations which the operator offers as to why he should be allowed to remain.



Over went the heavy tripod, knocking me down and rolling me over.

When Cameron of Lochiel distributed medals to the returned Highlanders after the South African war, I was permitted to work my machine within a few yards of him. When that picture was exhibited afterwards at Fort William and Inverness, every mother in the place could see with her own eyes the award of honour being pinned upon her gallant lad's breast; every lass could see the chieftain shake her dashing sweetheart by the hand, and almost hear the words spoken by his moving lips. Was it not worth accommodating the bioscope man for that?

IN THE PARK.

One Summer's day whilst in the Park,
Strolling all alone,
He met the sweetest little maid,
Also quite alone.

Right close at hand a shady tree,
And the day was hot,
Beneath that tree a seat for two;
Lucky! was it not?

When she sat down upon that seat,
He sat down there, too—
Because he thought her just the maid
He should like to woo.

But History does not relate
What it was he said;
He spoke to her—she answered him—
Saucy little maid.

An hour passed by—they still were there—
She was on his knee.
Now you are shocked! You need not be;
She was only three!

Freda Rodham.

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The Professor's Hollyhocks

The Story of a Girl and Two Men.

By Harold Simpson.

The Professor was an enthusiast on hollyhocks. Why he should have chosen this particular flower on which to bestow all his love and affection was past my comprehension.

I once spoke to him of roses, and he smiled at me with the smile of one who out of the stores of his infinite learning is condescending to a lesser mind.

"The rose," he said, "is beautiful, I admit. But it is a meretricious kind of beauty, made to attract the sensibility of the average unthinking man. It is like some brilliant society woman, bedecked in jewels and gorgeous raiment, who passes down the thronged ball-room conscious that every eye, whether of admiration or of envy, is upon her; while the air is heavy with the scent of the perfumes that she wears, and echoes with the soft frou-frou of her silks."

I smiled in my turn with sudden comprehension. The Professor was a misogynist. There was nothing feminine about a hollyhock.

I said as much to Cicely, when we were walking down the hollyhock avenue one morning. Cicely is the Professor's ward and niece. At least she calls him "uncle," but there is no blood relationship between them. Only her parents, who left her an orphan when she was quite a baby, died in one another's arms in the sudden swift tragedy of a railway accident, were the Professor's dearest friends, and Cicely's guardianship devolved upon him as a natural sequence.

That was nearly twenty years ago, and the Professor had been a young man then. He was a young man still to all appearances, much too young to be Cicely's guardian now that she was almost of age. This matter, too, I touched upon this morning. Afterwards, when I glanced at her face, I was sorry I had said anything about it. For into her eyes there had come as I spoke a look of trouble, a faint shadow of perplexity. This was a most unusual thing for Cicely. Her eyes, as a rule, reflected merely the blue of summer skies, the laughter of rippling streams, and seldom, if ever, had I seen a tear there.

"What is it, Cicely?" I asked, penitent all at once.

"Oh, nothing," she answered. "Only uncle said the very selfsame thing to me last night."

"And you?" I queried.

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"I told him it was nonsense, of course." The faintest flush became apparent on her cheeks, and her eyes avoided mine. "Uncle has always been like a very dear father to me."

There was something in her voice that was new to me, and I hastened to repair any blunder that I had unwittingly committed.

"Of course, of course," I murmured, soothingly; "I was only joking. The Professor is an old man; his passion for hollyhocks betrays that."

"He isn't old," cried Cicely. Then the flush on her cheeks grew deeper. "And hollyhocks are—are very nice," she concluded lamely.

I stole a glance at her in silence, and we strolled on down the hollyhock avenue. Cicely and I had been playmates for many years; sometimes I wished that we hadn't. I who had always thought that I knew her so well began now to think that I had taken that assumption too easily. The suspicion dawned in my mind that here was a new Cicely, a Cicely that I had not seen before, and the suspicion troubled me.

"Cicely, I must speak," I said, suddenly. "To-morrow I shall be gone, and it is a whole long year before I shall see you again. Anything may happen in a year."

"But, Bob——"

"You have fenced with me so often," I urged. "Cicely, can't you make up your mind?"

"Bob, I have told you——"

"You have told me nothing—at least, nothing to satisfy me. I want there to be some definite understanding between us before I go."

I had caught hold of her hand, and for a brief moment or two it lay in mine. Then she snatched it away. I looked at her face, and saw that her eyes were dancing with anticipatory mirth.

"Bob, you are only a boy after all, and I am only a girl still. Let's be boy and girl again just for this morning. Come, Bob, I'll make you an offer. We'll have one of our real rough-and-tumble-catch-who-catch-can races, just like old times. You shall give me a start, and if you can catch me——"

"Yes? If I can catch you," I repeated, impatiently, when she paused.

"If you can catch me you shall have your answer," she concluded, with a little bubble of mirth. "There, Bob, that's fair enough, isn't it?"

I looked at her with suspicion. When Cicely was particularly mirthful I always scented danger. I felt sure that something lay behind this offer of hers.

"You are not very gallant, Bob," she pouted, at my hesitation.

I felt a sudden overwhelming desire to take her in my arms there and then. It was with some difficulty I repressed it. I glanced down the hollyhock avenue. It was a long straight path, hedged on either side by a narrow border of the stiff-necked flowers.

The Professor had once mentioned to me with pride that the poet Wordsworth had had just such another avenue of hollyhocks in his garden. But I had no thoughts of the poet Wordsworth just then. I was thinking of Cicely's chances of escape.

Behind the hollyhocks on the one side lay a wall, I knew, on the other a strip of grass that gave on to a secluded shrubbery. On this latter side, then, lay Cicely's possible hopes of refuge. But she would never dare. No, the Professor's hollyhocks, in spite of the seeming strangeness of metaphor, were, I reflected, as the very apple of the Professor's eye. They were just now in their prime, and grew so closely together that any attempt to break through them must cause irretrievable damage. Would she dare? I looked at Cicely and considered.

She, on her part, was growing every moment more impatient. As a rule I fell in with her suggestions with alacrity; that I should keep her waiting was altogether a new experience for her.

"Well?" she asked at last, unable to resist any longer the desire for speech.

"Agreed," said I. "But how much start am I to give you, and how much time are you going to give me to catch you in?"

"Five yards and five minutes," she answered promptly to both questions. "Now then, Bob, are you ready?"

I looked down the hollyhock avenue once more. Cicely had a long way to go before she reached the end. Surely—but the laughter in her eye still filled me with vague misgivings.

Cicely measured out the five yards with great deliberation. Then she turned a laughing face back to me over her shoulder.

"Are you ready, Bob?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to count. One! Two! Three——!"

She was off. A vision of twinkling feet and flying skirts, and I was after her. The vision came a little nearer. I was undoubtedy gaining on her. In a few moments I should overtake her, and then——

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A wild feeling of exultation took possession of my soul. I believe I shouted aloud with the fierceness of my emotion. In another minute I should come up with her, take her in my arms, wring from her the answer I wanted so desperately to hear. Somehow I had no fears as to what that answer would be. Elation was the only feeling that swayed me.

I was gaining, gaining fast.

I stretched out my hand and almost touched her, when suddenly—she disappeared. Disappeared as swiftly and as completely as though she had never been there. So wild had been my career that I was unable to stop all at once, and nearly came to the ground in my efforts to pull up short. Then I turned and saw the solution of the mystery.

Into that line of hollyhocks, behind which lay the shrubbery, Cicely had broken, suddenly and relentlessly. A great gap, where lay two gigantic hollyhocks stricken to earth, revealed the way that she had gone. I stood for a moment and regarded the wreckage, thinking the while of the Professor. But very soon my thoughts reverted to Cicely. Where one had gone another might follow. The gap lay open, inviting, compelling.

I was gaining, gaining fast.

A moment's hesitation, and then I stepped through.

In the recesses of the shrubbery, I remembered, was a little leafy arbour, favourite play-place of Cicely's and mine through all the years of our happy childhood. Many a time had we sat there together and discussed the future, gravely, as children will. It was here, if anywhere, that I should find Cicely.

What if her object had been to lead me back to that spot where we had plighted our childish troth, and to give me there, in that place of many memories, the answer that I had demanded of her? The thought was a happy one, and set my blood a-tingling. Softly I stepped inside the arbour.

"Cicely!" I whispered.

For a moment the hopes that ran so high in my heart conjured up for me the actual vision of Cicely as I had thought to find her. But another moment and I knew it was only a vision. The arbour was empty.

The reaction was so complete, the fall from the heights so sudden, that I had no heart left in me to pursue the search. I sat myself down in the arbour, and fell to thinking of the past—and the possible future.

I must have sat there for some time, when suddenly I was conscious of footsteps coming down the hollyhock avenue. It must be Cicely returning, I thought. With the intention of taking her by surprise, I crept from the arbour, and down the grass path towards the gap in the hollyhocks. The sound of voices brought me to a halt. One was Cicely's speaking in a tone of unwonted penitence.

"I am so sorry, uncle dear."

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Then I heard the Professor.

"My dear, my dear, what does it matter? A hollyhock or two, more or less, is of small importance. But how did you come to go that way?"

I awaited Cicely's reply with some interest.

"Well, you see, uncle—Bob and I, well—Bob and I were just pretending for the moment that we were boy and girl again."

"Boy and girl again!" echoed the Professor's voice. At any other time I might have been struck with the thought that it was unusually full of emotion. But I was too engrossed just then with what Cicely was saying to notice it particularly, though I remembered it afterwards.

"So we had a race," she went on; "Bob gave me a start, and the conditions were that he had to catch me in five minutes, or—or the race wouldn't count."

"The race wouldn't count," the Professor repeated gravely. "And what if he caught you?"

There was a long silence. I believe the Professor repeated the question, but I cannot be sure. I was straining every nerve to catch Cicely's answer.

"I—I didn't want him to catch me," she said at last, in a voice so low that I could scarcely hear her. "So that's why I had to break down the hollyhocks."

"I see," the Professor answered. There was a queer little catch in his voice, I noticed it this time distinctly.

"I am so sorry, uncle dear," Cicely said again. "Will you forgive me?"

"My dear—of course."

Then I heard the faint sound of a kiss. I started with a sudden emotion. But, after all, it was natural enough. Why shouldn't the Professor kiss her? He was her guardian, and old enough to be her father, and—but I felt miserable.

"I must go and find Bob," cried Cicely, suddenly. She had entirely recovered her spirits. "The poor dear old boy will be sulking somewhere by himself, and imagining that we have quarrelled. He is going away to-morrow, you know, uncle, and not coming back for a whole year. It would never do to let him go thinking unkind things of me, would it?"

"It would never do," agreed the Professor.

Once more I heard the sound of a kiss. Then Cicely's feet pattered away down the hollyhock avenue, and there fell a silence.

I stood perfectly still for a moment or two, wondering what I should do next. I had just made up my mind to go in search of Cicely when I heard a sound that went straight to my heart. It was a low suppressed sob, almost a moan, that came from the other side of the hollyhocks. There could be no one there but the Professor. All at once the revelation of what that sound meant came upon me in a flood. I felt like one who had unwittingly intruded upon holy ground; and, struck with sudden remorse, I crept from the garden like a mean and guilty thing.

The next day I went away. I sent Cicely a little note bidding her good-bye, but I made no allusion to the incidents of the morning before. I caught myself wondering how she would receive it, and what she would think of me. The vision of Cicely obtruded itself very persistently on my thoughts just then. At length, with an impatient sigh, I shook the vision off, and turned my face resolutely towards my journey.

It was a year later almost to the very day when I found myself once more in the Professor's garden. Autumn was over the land again, and the air was filled with the scents and sounds of dying things. The hollyhocks looked decadent, more decadent than usual, I thought; but the roses still bloomed gaily. I almost smiled as I looked at the roses, and remembered the Professor's comparison of them to a bedecked and bejewelled society woman. Had he grown wiser in these twelve months, I wondered? But the wonder brought a stab of pain with it.

At the house they had told me that I should find him in the garden.

"And Miss Cicely?" I had inquired.

"In the garden, too," was the reply.

As I turned in search of them my heart sank at the implied omen. The Professor and Cicely were both in the garden. The Professor and Cicely! Cicely and the Professor! The words beat themselves into my brain in a constant maddening refrain. I thought of the day a year ago when I had stood behind the hollyhocks, and surprised the secret of another man's heart. What might not have happened in a whole long year? The few brief letters I had had from Cicely had given me no information. But I remembered the flush that came to her face that morning, and the unwonted look in her eyes, when I had made the remark that the Professor was rather too young to be her guardian. And now she would be of age and her own mistress. It was with a heart full of strange misgivings that I entered the hollyhock avenue.

When I came to the spot where Cicely had

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broken the line in our mad race, I stopped suddenly. The gap in the hollyhocks was still there, no attempt, apparently, had been made in the next year's planting to fill it up, and the idea flashed across me that the omission had been a deliberate one. But I had no spirit in me just then to hope that it was any sentiment of Cicely's that had prompted it.

Then once more I heard voices across the hollyhocks.

"I am so sorry, uncle dear."

Was I dreaming? Surely I had heard those words before, somewhere back in the misty past.

"My dear little girl, you cannot help it." It was the Professor. "I ought to have known better at my age. You must try and forget it, Cicely, forget it altogether —and forgive. We must take up life again as though it had never been said, as though "—I detected a desperate attempt to speak lightly—"I had never made such an old fool of myself."

"There is nothing to forgive, uncle dear." Cicely's voice was full of tears. "Oh, I wish——"

"Is it Bob?" the Professor asked suddenly. They were almost opposite the gap in the hollyhocks now, and once more I waited breathlessly, as I had waited a year ago, for Cicely's answer.

It was some time in coming.

"He tried to catch me, you remember, uncle. But I didn't want him to—I wasn't sure then. I—I had somehow suspected that morning that you thought — that you wished——"

"And are you sure now, Cicely?" the Professor asked, and his voice was very gentle.

There was no answer from Cicely that I could hear. But with a sudden glorious upspringing of conviction I read her answer from my own heart. In a moment I was through the gap.

"Cicely!"

"Bob!" I saw the glad light in her eyes.

The Professor looked at us with a beautiful smile.

"The gap has served its purpose after all, you see," he said. And I knew that he was speaking of the gap in his heart.

Then he turned and left us together.

In a moment I was through the gap.

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Injured Innocence

Written and Illustrated by Hilda Cowham

A Story of Boys for Boys.

I have often thought there ought to be some sort of close season for lessons. Just in the same way that you mayn't catch trout in winter, so masters ought to have some period when they mightn't gate, impot, or swish boys. I put this proposition to Jenkinson after the lower school trial match, when we both reckoned that, bar accidents of the first two kinds, we were safe for our places in the team.

"There's the holidays," he replied. We were sitting in the study which is occupied by Jenkinson, myself, and Osbaldestone when he can get in. Jenkinson contemplated a decently-filled hamper of grub he had brought back with him.

"Holidays," I said, "are all jolly fine and large when you're looking forward to them at the end of the term, when you've got goodness knows what lines that you can't hope to wipe off, and debts to other chaps that you can't possibly pay till you've been properly tipped. Besides, what good are they?"

He began to see the point. "That's quite true," he admitted. "I remember last term I got jolly well excited about them at the end of the term, but they weren't up to limit form when I'd been home about four days. The governor's so beastly strict, you see."

"Everybody's governor is," I replied. "I always find, and I believe nearly all other fellows do, too, that you're fed up with home in a week, with no footer and no other fellows to rag with. Golf's all right, but the old buffers that play get their rags out unless you play like a trotting match from the tee, and like a funeral on the greens. I'm always jolly glad to get back to Welton."

"So am I," remarked Cusack Smith, who had just then put his head in at the door. "Got any grub left in that box?"

He helped himself without waiting to be asked, which is just like his beastly country behaviour. I was very glad when Jenkinson tipped some sardine oil on his hair and told him to shut up, and he'd hear the improving conversation of his betters.

"But the worst of it is," I continued, "that as soon as you get back the school generally spoils you by shoving you into a new form, where you've got to learn a lot of fresh swot and lick the new kids who haven't shed their dame-school cockiness."

"Hear, hear," said Cusack Smith, who was trying to get the oil out of his hair with a piece of blotting-paper. I didn't know if he meant to be polite or sarcastic, but as he always jokes like a giddy elephant I took no notice.

"What they ought to do," said Jenkinson, "is to shove all the work into one term, and

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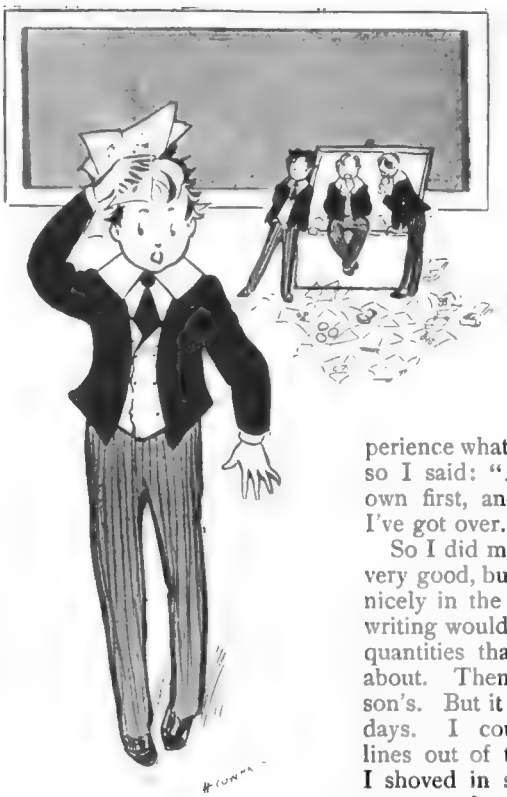
keep the other two, one for cricket and the other for footer. Then we might turn out a really first-class fifteen and eleven, and all the fellows who left would get their blues."

I firmly believe that all the work Jenkinson ever does in a term, except lines, would go into twenty-four hours. But it has always seemed to me that the less work you do the less you get into a row, because nobody takes any notice of you. If the governor weren't so keen on my getting prizes, and thought more of my having played for the Lower School XV. against Templemere Lower School, I should have a better time.

Jenkinson was jolly sick when the lower school team was posted for the first match—against Dumby Grammar School second eleven. I was included, however, and being a decent chap he wasn't even jealous.



Cusack Smith . . . trying to get the oil out of his hair with a piece of blotting paper.

It was just our luck on the morning of the match to have to show up our copies of Latin verse. It didn't worry me very much, because it's a subject I am rather hot on. They're like fives; once you've got the knack you come off every time. They don't always please Arbuthnot, because he's so particular about quantities. But I never get into beastly rows for them. On the afternoon of verse days Jenkinson is generally to be found in the detention room doing the worst Latin verses you ever saw.

He wanted awfully to see the match, so on Friday evening during prep. he said to me:

"I say, old chap, you might give me a leg up with my verses. I'm certain to get gated in the afternoon if I don't get some tips about them."

I knew from experience what giving him tips meant, so I said: "All right. I'll do my own first, and you can have what I've got over."

So I did mine first. They weren't very good, but I wrote them out very nicely in the hope that my brilliant writing would make up for any false quantities that might be scattered about. Then I had a go at Jenkinson's. But it wasn't one of my verse days. I couldn't get any more lines out of the beastly subject, so I shoved in some of my tags with some new beginnings, and one whole line just the same as mine. If anything, his lot were rather better than my own, and anyhow, both were good enough to get through.

Also I reflected that Jenkinson was somewhere near the bottom of the form, and I was fairly high up. So Arbuthnot would have time to forget mine before he came to Jenkinson's.

You may judge my disgust when I found that Arbuthnot would not be taking the form that morning, and that Gregson, who took us in his place, began the lesson with a lot of questions in Latin grammar. Now Jenkinson is one of those half-idiot people who can say Latin grammar off like a parrot, without understanding it in the least. The

I wrote them out very nicely.

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"Did anybody help you with them?"

result was he went above me, and his verses were taken before mine. Gregson thought they were good, and began to crack up their points to the rest of the form, so I knew Jenkinson was all right to see the match. Then some of the other fellows showed up such rotten copies of verses that Gregson began to get wild, and by the time it got to my turn, he was ready to do anything. However, I knew that if Jenkinson's set were all right, mine couldn't be very bad.

But I was doomed to disappointment, as the papers say. When I'd read out two lines, Gregson asked: "Have you altered your verses since the beginning of the lesson?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"Did anybody help you with them?"

"No, sir."

He looked at me very hard; but, of course, he couldn't see what a fix I was in. When I read the next line, he looked in a towering rage. But he only said very quietly:

"I think you had better do me another set. You can bring them to my house at a quarter-past four this afternoon."

"Please, sir," began Jenkinson.

"Silence," he said—he almost shouted it. "I don't know what the form is coming to. This sort of thing must be stopped. Next boy, go on."

I couldn't have had harder luck. It meant that I was out of the Lower School match for the afternoon, and I might not get tried again that term. Grey, who is captain of the school, and who makes up the teams always, says to lower boys that if they can't work as well as play he doesn't want them in an eleven, because he won't be able to rely on them.

Later on in the lesson Jenkinson got next to me. He said he meant to go and complain to Gregson afterwards. But I didn't see the force of that.

"There'll be a worse row than ever if you do," I whispered. "He won't let me off, and he'll probably detain you too. Go and tell Grey after twelve, and ask him to let you play instead. I'll go with you."

He wouldn't agree to that. But after the lesson, Gregson walked straight out of the room, and there was no chance of speaking to him. So we had to let him slide. Grey ragged me for "letting the team down," as he called it, and told Jenkinson to get into his flannels.

I felt jolly sick with things when I

Sometimes I heard sounds of clapping.

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saw the Dumby side arrive in a brake, and sicker than ever when all the fellows went off to the cricket field, leaving me absolutely deserted. I didn't let them see it, though. In about half-an-hour I turned out quite a different set of verses, and spent the rest of the afternoon playing squash by myself in the quad. It wasn't exciting. Sometimes I heard sounds of clapping, and once I thought I caught a shout of "Well fielded, Jenkinson!" But it was a putrid way to spend the afternoon.

At a quarter-past four I took my verses to Gregson. He was in his study reading long strips of print on which he was making marks like algebra. He looked up as I came in.

"Yes, what do you want? Oh, yes, your verses. I remember."

It had never occurred to me to chance his forgetting.

He looked at the verses. "Did you do these by yourself?" he asked. He seemed to think nobody in the school could do Latin verse but himself and Jenkinson. I didn't tell him that. If he wanted proof that I'd done them he might have gone through the whole school with a microscope to find a man to help me.

"Well," he went on, "if you can do verses like these, it's a pity you didn't do so this morning, and so save yourself an afternoon's detention. Now you can go and see the rest of the match. If you'd liked you could have played in it."

At a public school like Welton, you have to take things as they come. Of course, I couldn't tell him. So I cleared out, and went down to the field just in time to see the last of the Welton first innings.

Fellows were rather glum when I turned up. It seemed that Welton hadn't had such a hot team as we thought, being weak in bowling, and the Dumby chaps had given them a good leather-hunting before we got them out for 110. They had one good fast trundler, too, and he sent the best Welton wickets down like skittles. North Minor, who skippered the side, had got bowled first ball. Mackintyre was run out for five, Lloyd-Evans was caught in the long field for thirteen, and Drew, of whom great things were expected, was the only man to make a stand.

We had to let them think we were quite used to winning.

When I got on to the field, Welton had only scored sixty-five, and Jenkinson, who was going in, was ninth wicket, with a kid in Gregson's house to go in last. Drew stuck there like a rock, but although he'd been in all through the innings he'd only hit twenty-five, mostly ones and twos. Nobody thought Welton would have a chance; Jenkinson is a pretty bat, but erratic, and inclined to slog, and the kid would be certain to sky the first lob they sent him.

But Jenkinson turned up trumps. They worked so that Drew got most of the fast bowling, while Jenkinson got set with the lobster. He knocked him about all over the field, and when he'd got his eye in he had a go at the fast man.

It was pretty cricket—quite as good as the first Eleven even play, and they play the

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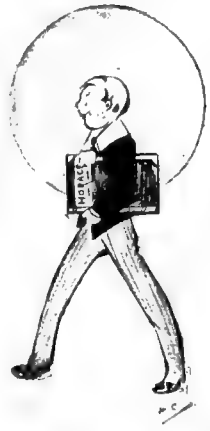
county, so it must have been nearly up to Australian form. Drew and Jenkinson carried the score to 104, and then Drew hit a four, at which we cheered so loudly that you could have heard it in the town. Jenkinson skied the last ball of the over, and got caught with the score at 108. But Drew had the smack when the kid came in to partner him, and as it didn't much matter what happened after that, he sent it for four too, and that put Welton on the right side. The kid cadged a two in the next over, and then got bowled, so Drew carried his bat. His score was forty-two, and Jenkinson's thirty.



I got the Lower School verse prize.

But it was really Jenkinson who won the match. If he had got out before, Drew couldn't have made much more. Of course, there wasn't time to play out the second innings, and it was decided on the first. We all cheered them, and slapped them on the back, and would have chaired them round the field if the Dumby chaps hadn't been looking on. We had to let them think we were quite used to winning.

After the match the teams had tea in the pavilion, and I stayed because I'd been selected, although I hadn't played.

"Good luck you got potted," said Mackintyre to me. "We might have lost the match if you hadn't. Old Jenkinson turned up trumps."

"Come to that," said Jenkinson, "he did my verses, so he helped to win the match."

"Well, it won't help your average," said North to me, "but I expect both of you will be in the team next week."

So it turned out all right in the end. What's more, I got the Lower School verse prize, and at the end of the term I pipped a scholarship. Fellows said Gregson worked it for me, and that it must be a rotten year for classics, and so on. But the governor brassed up like a bird, and I was in clover all the summer holidays.

Still, I'd rather have played in the Dumby match. I should have done if there had been a close time for lessons, as I suggested before.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

AN UNROMANTIC CALLING

His ladder next her window high
He boldly placed, in light of day,
And, caring naught who might be nigh,
He reached the sill without delay.

He did not call upon her name,
Or start a love-sick serenade;
Although 'twas at her wish he came,
No sound or signal-call he made.

He glanced inside. The room was bare;
And now, perhaps, I should explain—
He did not wish her presence there;
He'd come to clean the dirty pane!

Leslie Thomas.

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Cap and Bells

HE KEPT HIS PROMISE.

"Tom," said the newly-wed, trusting girl, "didn't you promise faithfully to give up smoking the day I married you?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Tom, "I believe I did."

"And now," she continued, "I find you puffing a cigar. What explanation have you to offer?"

"Well, I kept my promise, anyway," replied the husband. "I didn't smoke a single cigar on our wedding-day."

* * * * *

HIS USUAL LUCK.

The prisoner *en route* for the police court became quite confidential with his guardian, and remarked in a contrite manner:

"There is one thing I am very sorry for."

"What is that?" said the officer, expecting to hear a confession.

"I had my hair cut last night," said the prisoner in a dejected tone. "I might have saved that threepence. It's just my luck."

* * * * *

INSULT TO INJURY.

"I hear your firm discharged you."

"Yes; but I wouldn't mind that so much if they hadn't added insult to injury."

"How?"

"They advertised for a boy to fill my place."

* * * * *

NOT A NOVICE.

"Are you familiar with musical terms?" asked the operatic manager of the new member of the company.

"Yes, I am," was the prompt reply. "Last week's salary, or I don't sing to-night!"

And then the manager realised that he wasn't quite such a novice as he looked.

IT MIGHT BE EITHER.

DRIBBLER: "In my opinion a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is the personification of conceit."

SCRIBBLER: "Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest."

"Modest! What about?"

"About his spelling."

* * * *

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"I hope you are getting good results from the gymnastic exercises I recommended," said the medical adviser.

"Well, I'm not," replied the patient. "It has ruined a good coat for me."

"Didn't you take your coat off?"

"Certainly, but the exercise has enlarged my shoulders so that I can't wear it any more. Coat was as good as new, too."

RATHER POINTED.

***Poetic Person:* "Ah, er—I just thought I'd look in to see if you had an opening——"**

***Editor:* "Yes, there's one just behind you. Shut it as you go out, will you?"**

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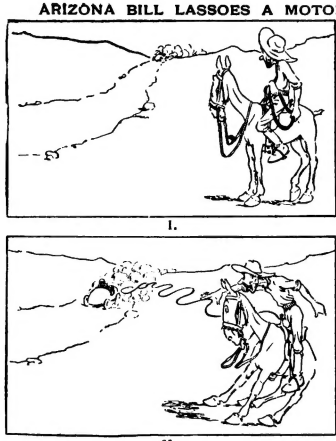
ARIZONA BILL LASSOES A MOTOR-CAR: A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



I. III. II. IV.

AIMING AT PERFECTION.

MABEL (the heroine): "Oh, dear! the curtain will rise in five minutes. Are you sure you know your lines?"

JACK (the hero): "All except the part where I kiss you. I think we'd better rehearse that once more."

* * * *

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

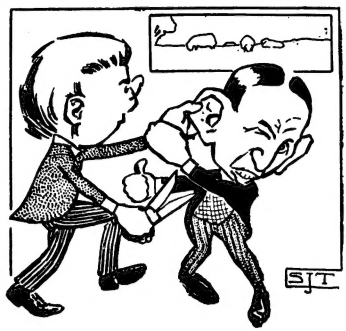
"What beautiful peaches!" said an old lady, as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of the choice fruit. They were covered with pink gauze, and looked very tempting indeed.

The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall, and showed the stall-keeper a small piece of pink veiling.

"Do you keep that kind of veiling for sale?" she said.

The stall-keeper told her that he did not.

"Well," she said, "when I took those peaches home they were small, and sour, and green, and I thought if I could get some of that veiling that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket, I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches, people would think I'd found the elixir of youth."



Sam seized some cheap sheep-shearing shears
To shorten his chum Charlie's ears
Cried Charlie "No! No!
Lesso, Sam! Lesso!
Shear sheep with cheap sheep-shearing shears."

SOLD AGAIN.

MAN DOWN ON HIS LUCK: "I am reduced to the painful expedient of asking you to buy the diamonds in my wife's jewelery, and to replace them with imitations."

JEWELER (examining the jewels): "Your wife evidently has preceded you in evolving that clever plan."

* * * * *

A PARADOX.

THE MANAGER: "How came you to leave your last place?"

APPLICANT: "I was discharged for good behaviour, sir."

MANAGER: "Discharged for good behaviour? That's unusual, isn't it?"

APPLICANT: "Well, you see, good conduct took nine months off my sentence."

* * *

NOT A FAIR ARGUMENT.

SHE: "No, sir; it is impossible. I am sorry indeed, but I can never marry you."

HE: "And yet the encouragement you gave me last night in the waltz!"

SHE: "Oh, that mustn't be counted—what I gave was under pressure, so to speak."

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Mrs. de Neat: "It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity, you have a very red nose."

Mike: "Yes, mum, the cheap soaps that us poor people has to use is very hard on the complexion, mum."

THE REASON WHY.

"Do you buy condensed milk, madam?"

"I presume we must, but I never thought of it before. I always order two quarts and pay for two quarts, but it never measures more than three pints."

OUR AGE OF PETROL.

We are waiting for the introduction of the Daimhard-Panler 40h.p. leg-power-motor shoes for batsmen, 50 miles an hour guaranteed, which will add a new fascination to run-getting.

RE-ARMAMENT NECESSARY.

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well-preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!"

"Not if they used an old beau to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

* * * * *

ADAM'S APPLE.

"What is Adam's apple?" inquired little Johnny of his father.

"The Adam's apple," replied his father, "is this lump in my throat which produces the sound when I sing."

"Oh, I see," said Johnny. "Isn't that what they call the apple of discord?"

* * * * *

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

"I understand that you remarked that I was graceful as a swan."

"Yes."

"I merely wished to inquire whether the swan to which you referred was walking or swimming?"

POOR WILLIE.

Father (who is rather short-sighted): "Willie, if I have to tell you again not to pull that cat's tail, I'll send you to bed!"

A WOEFUL WASTE OF WORDS.

He was a stranger in the town. You could tell it from the cautious manner in which he was cycling. It was evening. A man approached him.

"Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its function."

"Sir?"

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"Really, but I don't quite——"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow, I——"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandescer have been discontinued."

Just then an unsophisticated little newsboy shouted across the way:

"Hey, mister, yer lamp is out!"

* * * * *

A WORD TO THE WISE.

A learned physician says: "You should always breathe through the nose when asleep." So if you should chance to awaken and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.

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SEASIDE DON'TS.

I. Don't, when you meet an acquaintance in the water, say: "How do you do, Miss Smith; won't you sit down?"

II. Governess: Don't, in absence of mind, tell your young charge not to put his hands in his pockets when he is bathing.

III. Don't talk so much about your swagger fishing to your son in future after this, your only bite.

IV. Don't go bathing round the cliff where nasty, rude little boys can come to get into your clothes and then go and show Auntie how nice they look in them.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

SUICIDAL POEMS.

Do you remember, about three months ago, I told you of an amusing correspondence I had had with a poet who was modest enough to inform me that if I had the temerity to publish his verses my readers would commit wholesale suicide? This paragraph inspired Mr. Laurence Nelson, whose graceful and witty verses have often appeared in these pages, with the following effusion:

Pray hear my confession:
A bard by profession,
I stand here before you a self-accused man,
To give the true history
Of a foul mystery.
You will recall how the newspapers ran—

"Editor shot himself,
Sure he was not himself,
Seemed to turn queer upon reading his mail:
Known to be wealthy,
Wife says in health he,
On leaving the suburbs, was sound as a nail."

"Death of an Editor,
Not got a creditor,
Must have been temporarily insane;
Office boy saw him
There, right before him,
Draw a revolver and blow out his brain."

You will remember
How every ember
Of that great fire where he burnt all the mail,
By the detective
Was searched, ineffective
To prove in the end, and all other means fail.

Weeks have gone by me,
None come to try me,
Not e'en discovered the culprit is I;
No sign to show 'em
That a small poem
By me he read and decided to die.

Knowing so plain why
He blew out his brains, I
Would treat myself likewise, had I not this doubt:
On reading these verses
With tears, sighs, and curses,
I feel unconvinced I've a brain to blow out.

THE "STELLA" DISASTER.

I want you to be sure to get the October ROYAL, if only for the sake of a simple article, "the story of the *Stella* disaster," told by one of its survivors, Miss Greta Williams. Though it happened several years ago, I feel certain that most of you remember that frightful tragedy in mid-Channel, when the London and South-Western passenger steamer, the *Stella*, foundered with 140 hands. Miss Williams was the heroine of the occasion. She kept up the courage of the survivors by singing hymns to them during the terrible hours they tossed about on the sea after the disappearance of the vessel.

A very queer coincidence occurred in connection with this article. Shortly before it was written I happened to be dining out with Mr. Walter Wood. We sat together at a table in a restaurant in the Strand. Conversation turned to the article, and I told Mr. Wood of a friend of mine who had gone down with the vessel. Suddenly I felt a hand on my arm; a gentleman sitting opposite had leaned towards me across the table.

"Excuse me," he said, "but were you talking of the *Stella* disaster?"

"Yes."

"I was one of the survivors."

Naturally, we were most interested, and got him to tell some of his experiences. It transpired that he had been pulled out of the water into the same boat as Miss Williams, and he had no words with which to express his admiration of her conduct and the conduct of her sister.

A strange coincidence, was it not?

Well, next month be sure you don't miss Miss Williams's article. I have never come across a more moving story than hers.

MAN *VERSUS* WOMAN.

"Who do you find send you the best stuff—men or women?" Such was the question lately put to me by a correspondent.

I answer: Six to one, half-a-dozen to the other—not because I wish to avoid committing myself, but, honestly, because I think that both excel in their respective lines. From the men I get the better articles, and they naturally outdo the fair ones in stories of adventure by land and sea. But women are, I think, far and away better writers of the short story—which has the greatest market—the love story. A woman seldom pens a good humorous tale; but in simple, domestic, pathetic story-telling she leaves the man far behind.

This is my opinion. It would be interesting to hear what other editors think.

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